

Trappings of Power *Henry Fairlie*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 27, 1976, 60 cents

Jesus in Tomorrowland

T.D. Allman

Mailer on Miller

Martin Duberman

Understanding Islam

David Pryce-Jones

Dayan and Allon

Marie Syrkin

MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS

Malcolm Cowley

Robert A. Dahl

Alfred Kazin

Lewis Coser

Robin W. Winks

Hazard Adams

Ezra Jack Keats

TRB

from Washington
November 27, 1976

®

Present Danger

There was something nostalgic about the scene at the National Press Club the other day. It was a sharp reminder of the last time a Democratic President took over from a Republican, 16 years ago.

The occasion was the unveiling of a new organization called the Committee on the Present Danger. It is a group of prominent Americans formed to alert the nation to the threat of communism and pressure Jimmy Carter to increase rather than cut the military budget.

Many of them would be happy to see James Schlesinger named Secretary of State or Secretary of Defense, to see Carter go ahead with the B-1 bomber and to see the SALT talks delayed indefinitely.

Sixteen years ago, a similar set of Paul Reveres brought similar pressures on John F. Kennedy. The pressures in those days took the form of generals and admirals addressing "national security forums" and "cold war alerts" and saying things like, "Victory on each of the battlefields of the Cold War is essential to the survival of freedom."

Behind that campaign of saber rattling was a network of right-wing organizations ranging from doctrinaire anti-Communists to weapons manufacturers who stood to gain from stepped-up military spending.

The current pressure campaign is much smoother and more sophisticated. At its initial press conference, Co-Chairman David Packard, former deputy secretary of defense, now back at Hewlett-Packard, Inc., minimized his company's defense work, saying it came to only 15 percent of the total and consisted of electronic software.

Packard and the other co-chairman, Lane Kirkland, number two to George

Meany as secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO, took turns reading a policy statement warning against "the Soviet drive for dominance based upon an unparalleled military buildup." It called for more military spending, stronger alliances and a "coherent" foreign policy as a "sound basis to seek reliable conditions of peace with the Soviet Union, rather than an illusory détente."

The group had had fair success in attracting big names, although at least one person it approached, an eminent historian, declined on the ground that its program was centered too much on a big military budget.

But the core was a group of hard-line anti-Communists, including Jay Lovestone, a former Communist who was director of the AFL-CIO's International Department for many years and remains a consultant to Meany; W. Glenn Campbell, director of the Hoover Institution of War, Revolution and Peace, and Richard V. Allen, a senior staff member at the Hoover Institution before he became an early foreign affairs adviser to Richard Nixon.

One name missing from the roster was that of James Schlesinger, the former Secretary of Defense who broke with President Gerald R. Ford over Schlesinger's objection to military budget cuts. But Schlesinger's connection with the new group had leaked out through the efforts of an organization that calls itself the US Labor party, which has a paranoid preoccupation with a supposed plot by Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller to seize control of the country. But occasionally it produces interesting confidential documents.

In this case, the US Labor party published private correspondence out of the files of Eugene V. Rostow, chairman of the executive committee of the new committee, suggesting that Schlesinger was the moving spirit behind it. When Rostow was asked about this, he acknowledged that the creation of the committee grew out of conversations with Schlesinger dating back to the spring of 1975, more than six months before Ford fired the defense secretary.

Schlesinger may have kept his name off the list of officers and members for fear it might harm his chances of being named to a place in the Carter administration.

Another letter tied Rostow to Frank R. Barnett, who had organized some of those cold war alerts 16 years ago and who now operates the National Strategy

Information Center, Inc., in New York. He asked Rostow to join his board, observing that "the United States today is about where Britain was in 1938, with the shadow of Hitler's Germany darkening all of Europe." Barnett said his new Washington office would "interact with policy echelons in the White House and Pentagon (where we still have many friends)." He added that he also had friends in the Washington press corps.

Rostow accepted warmly, observing that "it should be no problem to coordinate our activities, and indeed to act jointly on many issues."

The Committee on the Present Danger has at least two ins with the Carter administration—Schlesinger and Paul Nitze, former secretary of the navy, who is chairman of policy studies of the new committee. Both were among Carter's foreign affairs advisers during the campaign.

But there are other Carter advisers who see today's world in different terms, who see the possibility of US-Soviet cooperation and a reduction in the military budget.

Paul C. Warnke, a former assistant secretary of defense, and Cyrus R. Vance, a former deputy secretary of defense, took part in a study of the conventional arms race that concluded that it was worth trying for a US-Soviet freeze on defense spending and force levels as a first step toward mutual reductions of such things as naval strength and troop deployments.

A new group called the American Committee on US-Soviet Relations, which includes another long roster of prominent Americans, is pressing for new efforts to promote détente, including consideration of a move to repeal the Jackson-Vanik amendments and revive the blocked US-Soviet trade agreement. Its members include George Kennan, historian and former ambassador to Moscow and Belgrade, and Leonard Woodcock, President of the United Automobile Workers, whose timely endorsement of Carter helped him get the nomination.

Perhaps most significant of all as an influence on Carter is the towering figure of Averell Harriman, who knows the Russians well, always keeps his guard up, but tells all comers that the Russians want peaceful competition—not war—and will be receptive to new moves to develop trade, control and spread of nuclear weapons and reduce arms budgets.



THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts*, Vol. 175, No. 22, Issue 3229, November 27, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, \$21; foreign, \$24; students, \$14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Contents

- 3 Comment
Breaking the Cycle
- 5 White House Watch: Changing the Guard
—John Osborne
- 6 Jesus in Tomorrowland
—T. D. Allman
- 9 Trappings of Power—Henry Fairlie
- 12 Standing Room Only—Anthony Astrachan
- 14 Greece vs. Turkey—Tad Szulc
- 18 Films—Stanley Kauffmann
- 19 The Year's Books (Part II)
Robert A. Dahl on Politics
- 22 Alfred Kazin on Fiction
- 24 Lewis Coser on Social Thought
- 26 Robin W. Winks on Mysteries
- 29 Hazard Adams on Literary Criticism
- 31 Ezra Jack Keats on Children's Books
- 33 Books—Reviews by Martin Duberman,
Marie Syrkin, David Pryce-Jones
- 39 Reconsideration—The 1930s
—Malcolm Cowley

The Staff

Editor—Martin Peretz
 Publisher—Robert J. Myers
 Acting Managing Editor—Eliot Marshall
 Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
 Senior Editor—John Osborne
 Politics Editor—Ken Bode
 Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
 Assistant to the Literary Editor—
 Cherryl Holt
 Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
 Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
 Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein,
 Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph
 Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson,
 Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J.
 Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc,
 Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer
 Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
 Assistant Production Manager—
 Philip Terzian
 Circulation Manager—
 Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
 Accounting Office—
 Secretary/Accounting Clerk—
 Carolyn Carpenter
 Bookkeeper—Rhonda Davis
 Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
 Director of Advertising—
 Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494
 Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
 Editorial Assistants—Michael Douglas,
 Paul A. Barnett
 Leadership Network Advertising—
 Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York
 (212) 532-2500

Breaking the Cycle

The public can expect a steady war of words, probably rising in crescendo, about what ought to be done now, or in January—at any rate, as soon as possible—to save the economy. The opening salvos were fired recently in hearings before the Senate Banking Committee, chaired by William Proxmire.

Along with many other Democrats, Proxmire believes that speedy action is needed to prop up the sagging pace of business activity. At last count about 7.5 million men and women were out of jobs, amounting to just under eight percent of the labor force. The same degree of enforced idleness more or less has persisted since the end of 1974, with devastating impact in the inner cities. Nor is there a definite indication that the economy will do any more in the months ahead than creep sluggishly along the same low plateau. Proxmire proposes a quick tax cut to boost spending and thrust output and employment upward. So does Lawrence R. Klein, Jimmy Carter's economic adviser, who suggests that the President-elect may well follow that course if the situation is no better when he takes over at the start of the new year. Carter himself told the press last week that he had not yet made up his mind on the tax cut, but that he expected unemployment to remain a problem (running at five to seven percent) for most of his first term. There were no glimmers of brilliance in this. Administrations (including Mr. Ford's last year) have been reducing taxes or elevating public outlays in recessions ever since the end of World War II. Yet the present state of the economy, though similar, is not precisely the same as in previous downturns.

The difference, Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns told Senator Proxmire, is critical. Prices have been rising at nearly a six percent annual rate. Recent signs in wholesale markets indicate that the advance, which had dropped from its peak, may now be quickening again. The prospective rise in OPEC's oil price is also unsettling. So Burns vigorously opposed any quick fiscal pep pills, and indicated that the throttle under his control—the money supply—would be administered with conservative caution. Burns' point was that a tax cut would exacerbate inflation, "planting the seeds of the next recession." Proxmire was not amused and took every opportunity to say so. As chairman, and with no other members of the committee attending, he had no trouble getting the floor. Joining in the fray have

been economists Arthur Okun, Charles Schultze and Walter Heller for the Democrats, and Chief Economic Adviser Alan Greenspan and Treasury Secretary William Simon for the Republicans.

The paradox is that both sides are indisputably right. Unemployment will not recede quickly unless prompt stimulation is forthcoming. It is also true that a substantial tax cut will accelerate inflation. Nor can inflation be avoided, except temporarily, by the voluntary wage-price guidelines that Carter and his entourage have advocated. The record, in the US and elsewhere, shows that even mandatory wage-price controls crumble when the going gets rough as a nation approaches full employment. And then, following time-revered rituals, the economic throttles are dampened and business activity shifts once again into recession. That course, if followed, would bring the nation back to where it is now—if we're lucky! Lucky, because the inflationary and recessionary swings of the last 30 years have been growing steadily brisker. Each dip brings more joblessness. Each advance brings a livelier jump in the price level.

The conclusion these reflections lead to is that fiscal and monetary policies alone cannot produce stability. All they do is fight recession with inflation and then fight inflation with recession. Something else is needed, particularly an approach that will recognize the structural maladjustments that always arise to block the way each time business activity approaches full capacity.

The first of these is the imbalance in the labor force. At present, unemployment rates range between 10 and 20 percent for semiskilled and unskilled personnel such as machine operators and what the Bureau of Labor Statistics calls "common labor, nonfarm." For the highly skilled professional and technical workers, administrators, managerial personnel and the like, unemployment rates are now no more than 2.5 or three percent. Such disparities have appeared in all six of the previous post World War II recessions. When the economy is turned around toward recovery, they serve as an insuperable obstacle. For the less skilled portion of the labor force is helped only moderately when "prosperity" is achieved, with unemployment rates for this group receding to around six percent. At the same time, demand skyrockets for the more intensively trained and experienced. Their unemployment rates plummet to one percent or less, provoking sharp salary and price increases that spread and escalate throughout the economy. The inescapable lesson, reinforced in

each successive cycle, is that a large proportion of the unskilled cannot get jobs in private industry except under the most inflationary conditions.

The second maladjustment relates to the market power of big business and big labor. The price-setting and wage-setting of monopolistic industry and the powerful unions do not follow the rules of the perfectly competitive markets treasured in classroom economics. Their policies are aimed aggressively at securing ever larger shares of the national income, obviously at the expense of others. Even when existing capacity is largely unutilized and demand is falling, industry hikes its prices, as it did last year. Even when much of the membership is on unemployment insurance, most unions press for wage increases that outdistance productivity. Pumping up the economy only excites their hunger. Hence the monopoly power of much of industry and labor keeps the price level moving always in the same direction—upward—and frustrates progress each time business activity heads tentatively toward the full employment level.

The real world calls urgently for something besides these familiar fiscal stimulants and depressants, applied one after the other with hypnotic regularity. At a minimum, to arouse the faintest hope for full employment without inflation, the new measures would have to include (as our contributing editor Melville J. Ulmer has argued consistently in these pages):

A steady hand on the government budget to prevent overheating the nation's markets, on the one hand, and those sickening recessionary downturns, on the other.

A carefully planned inventory of useful public projects, under federal aegis, to guarantee job opportunities for all and especially for the less skilled who cannot get steady work otherwise.

The political courage to match the costs of the new public works with the higher taxes needed to finance them.

Establishment of clear, workable rules of behavior for industry and labor, and federal authority to halt violations as they appear with pinpointed, mandatory wage or price controls.

If properly executed, such measures would constitute a system of national economic planning. In fact, without an explicit planning mechanism, it is doubtful that reasonable coordination of the economy can be managed. Indeed, past experience indicates that, lacking a coordinated effort—or the will even to experiment—the nation will be back in a year or two listening to the erudite exchanges of an Arthur Burns and a Senator Proxmire. Only next time unemployment and inflation will be reaching for new records.

Which way will the new President go? There are no clear signs. Since his election, Carter has only hinted that he will try for modest but steady improvement in the years ahead. That's what every circumspect administration in its annual budget and economic report has done before him.

COMING: Charles Fenyvesi
visits Zurich and
meets the new gnomes

White House Watch

Changing the Guard

In advance of Jimmy Carter's first meeting in Washington with Gerald Ford, here are some notes on the preliminaries to the changing of the guard at the peak and center of presidential power, the White House.

The President's mood a fortnight after his narrow defeat was described in different ways by different associates. In the last hours of the campaign, when he expected to win but knew that it was going to be close and he might lose, Mr. Ford predicted that if he were defeated he'd recover from disappointment and be his normal self within a couple of days. It was evident the day after the election and during an eight-day vacation in Palm Springs that the defeat had hit him and his family harder than they expected. But the common account of his assistants was that he recovered soon and well from his disappointment and buckled down to the business of being President in every sense of the word to the end on January 20. Robert Hartmann, the friend and assistant who has been longest in his service in Congress, in the vice presidency and in the presidency, thought that he was more puzzled than surprised by the defeat, finding it hard to understand why a small but decisive majority of voters failed to give him the credit he felt was his due for bringing the country out of the depths of Watergate and out of the 1974-75 recession. A reporter who had asked for a retrospective interview in which Mr. Ford would be invited to review the highlights of his presidency and perhaps amplify his previous accounts of such episodes as the pardon of Richard Nixon and his decision to stand for election after saying he would never again run for public office, got another and more poignant insight. After discussing the request with the President, Press Secretary Ron Nessen told the reporter that Mr. Ford was reluctant to grant the interview and probably wouldn't. The President was still suffering, Nessen said, from a sense of hurt so deep and so profound that he didn't want to relive his presidency as yet and risk getting into a discussion of why he lost.

Weeks before the election Carter emissaries swarmed over Washington, asking former White House and agency officials what they thought Jimmy should do about reorganizing the government. One of the people who was asked this was Richard Cook, a former Nixon lobbyist with Congress and lately the Lockheed Corporation's chief Washington lobbyist. Cook told the Carter man the first thing that Carter should do if he was elected was chop the White House Office staff—the President's immediate and personal staff, as distinct from the much larger Executive Office of the President—from its recent total of about 500 bodies to no more than half that number. Cook believes with a

passion, based upon service at the White House and with congressional committees, that big presidential staffs justify themselves by drawing into the White House powers and responsibilities that over-burden Presidents and should remain in departments and agencies. Inasmuch as Carter was saying again and again in speeches and interviews that reduction of the White House staff was one of his priority aims—"you can depend on it"—the Carter man might have been expected to agree with Cook. He didn't. He replied that any such cut would be impossible: Jimmy Carter if elected would have too many campaign workers, supporters and members of Congress to be rewarded or wooed with jobs at the White House and elsewhere.

Jack Watson, Carter's chief transition planner, indicated to Ford assistants after the election that a major element of the White House establishment that was targeted for hard review and perhaps for abolition was the cabinet-level Domestic Council and its staff of some 20 professional assistants and 20 secretaries and other supporting help. As I reported last week, the Council and its staff had been marked for similar review by Mr. Ford's planners in case he won. James Cavanaugh, deputy to White House staff chief Richard Cheney and a former deputy director of the Domestic Council, told Watson that the Council staff was indeed a worthy candidate for abolition or at least relocation in the overall White House organization. Therein lies some interesting White House history. John D. Ehrlichman, a Nixon assistant who has just entered prison, created the Council as the base of his personal fiefdom and as a counter to the former Bureau of the Budget, now the Office of Management and Budget, which Ehrlichman regarded as a nest of bureaucrats who would do anything in their considerable power to defeat the aims of Richard Nixon. The Council itself never amounted to much; it's met only twice since it was founded in 1970. Its staff was what mattered; under Ehrlichman and to a lesser extent under his deputy and successor, Kenneth Cole, it oversaw the workings and often dictated the policies of the principal domestic federal departments. President Ford turned the Council and its staff over to Vice President Rockefeller, giving him general command of it and appointing Rockefeller men to the Council's executive directorship and three assistant directorships. Rockefeller hoped until late 1975 that the Council would be his vehicle for substantial participation in national policy making and particularly in the formulation of long-range policies. Soon after President Ford let his former staff chief, Donald Rumsfeld, and his first election campaign director, Howard Callaway, harass Rockefeller into withdrawing from consideration for the 1976 vice presidential nomination, the Vice President bitterly concluded that Rumsfeld, Cheney and others whom he regarded as his enemies on the Ford staff would never let him be effective in anything. Rockefeller thereupon relinquished his oversight role

in the Domestic Council and said in effect, *the hell with it* to everything except campaigning and raising money for candidate Ford.

Carter's likeable and capable press secretary-designate, Jody Powell, spent most of November 16 with Ron Nessen. Powell declined Nessen's invitation to attend and participate in that day's briefing of the White House press corps and listened to the proceedings over a loudspeaker in Nessen's office. It was a typically sour briefing session, with Nessen misinformed about the subject of one announcement (the President's weekend with the Vice President at the Rockefeller estate) and several reporters grinding away as usual at pointless and useless questions. Powell, invited again by Nessen to go out and brave the grouchy beasts on his own, said with acrid humor that the reporters had been sufficiently fed for the day. But he didn't seem to be fazed. He left an impression that he is far from realizing that he can't be an effective spokesman for the new President while fulfilling the wide range of advisory and other responsibilities that he already has and seemingly plans to expand. Nessen suggested that Powell might consider briefing only when he has something worth announcing instead of offering himself or a deputy to the reporters every day, just to give them an excuse for being. Powell said he didn't dare risk angering them and dissipating the good will he hoped they'd have for him at the start. Two days later, Nessen took his own advice and for the first time skipped a briefing because he had nothing to say.

Carter transitionists indicated they'd like to attend the President's almost daily conferences in preparation of the fiscal 1978 budget. That was more cooperation than the cooperative Mr. Ford was prepared to offer and he said no.

John Osborne

Blessings to Go Jesus in Tomorrowland

Garden Grove, California

In his copyrighted *Possibility Thinkers' Creed* the Rev. Robert Schuller, the founder of the first, and by far the wealthiest drive-in church in the world, has enunciated the doctrine that has made him a video prophet atop his tower of hope, a plate glass skyscraper surmounted by an 80-foot cross, that rises above the horizontal sprawl of greater Los Angeles the way the palace of the Dalai Lama overshadows the hovels of Lhasa.

The commandments of Moses were engraved in stone. Luther's 95 theses were nailed to the door of

Wittenberg Cathedral. Schuller's creed is lithographed on postcards, suitable for the rumpus room notice board.

*When faced with a mountain
I will not quit.
I will keep on striving until
I climb over, find a pass
Through, tunnel underneath
Or simply stay and turn the
Mountain into a gold mine with God's help.*

When Schuller first arrived in Southern California in 1955, he had little but \$87.50 in his first collection plate. And an eye to the main chance. His first sanctuary was a drive-in theater rented for a Sunday morning. His first pulpit was the roof of a popcorn stand.

Over the next two decades, Orange County was transformed from scrubland and citrus groves into the largest suburban population center in the world. Near Schuller's drive-in inspirational center, the Disneyland monorail now encircles asphalt parking for a hundred thousand cars, and the modernesque Anaheim convention center squats like a grounded flying saucer among its parking lots. Today the freeways of Southern California climb over, find passes through, tunnel underneath a subtropical conurbation of mass-produced split levels, neon lighted fast-food franchises, chlorinated swimming pools and treeless shopping malls the size of Connecticut or Wales. Rev. Schuller, for his part, has found the riches of which Pharisees dream by opting for the latter strategy. He simply stayed, and turned his Garden Grove Community Church into a gold mine.

Schuller purchased his first 10 acres of walnut trees in the mid-1950s for \$66,000, bulldozed them down to make a parking lot and began building one of America's most lucrative real estate, communications and spiritual empires. The next 12 acres cost Rev. Schuller one million dollars, and today his annual TV budget exceeds two million dollars. As with Disneyland, the attractions Schuller offers are less important in themselves than for the stage setting they provide for marketing a media image across the rest of the nation. Enrolled members of Schuller's church number 8000 and other congregations in Southern California are larger and have more impressive churches. But viewers of Schuller's "Hour of Power" TV show, syndicated in color to 88 stations nationwide, now number three million persons a week. Campers and trailers from Montana and Texas and Indiana fill his "drive-in sanctuary" every Sunday. Schuller receives 20,000 letters a week containing \$80,000. The main attraction is the guided tour of the church complex which follows every televised sermon. Tourists are shown the only 22-carat gold-leafed seven-foot bronze statue of Christ in the world. The guides point out that the brickwork in Schuller's glassed-in sanctuary runs vertically, rather

JOHN EXTER, NOTED BANKER, WARNS:

"The current recovery will abort and the economy will sink into a depression of unparalleled proportions"

John Exter is a retired senior vice-president of First National City Bank, the nation's second largest bank, where he served in its International Banking Group. Before joining Citibank, he was a vice president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Currently, Mr. Exter is a consultant and lecturer on domestic and international money.

Now, in an exclusive interview with the *Silver and Gold Report*, Mr. Exter discusses his concern for our banking system and how it will affect the economy and investors.

What does Mr. Exter see ahead for the banking system?

"The American banking system is in serious trouble. The problem can only get worse—more bankruptcies and defaults are a certainty."

How will this affect the economy? Mr. Exter's answer:

"I don't agree [with most economists] that a major recovery lies ahead. I believe the current recovery will abort, and the economy will sink into a depression."

What does Mr. Exter expect to cause the depression?

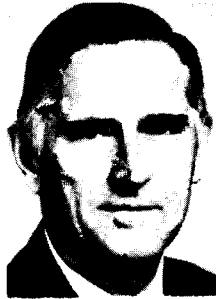
"Debt. The banks are overflowing with the obligations of illiquid debtors. The coming depression will be ushered in by snowballing bankruptcies and defaults."

How severe does he expect it to be?

"The coming depression will be more severe than the Great Depression of the 1930s. I hate to say it, but many, many people are going to suffer."

Moreover, in this interview, Mr. Exter discusses why he believes the present world monetary system will fail, how long he believes the depression will last, and whether he believes it will be inflationary or deflationary.

In addition, Mr. Exter gives his opinions on the outlook for gold and the dollar, under what conditions he thinks the Treasury will continue its gold sales, why the U.S.—which has the world's largest gold reserves—is waging an all-out campaign against



gold, and how the IMF gold auctions are likely to affect gold prices.

Finally, Mr. Exter talks about the one investment that "people will be able to turn to with full confidence," and why, despite his forecasts he remains an optimist.

How to get a copy of this interview

Mr. Exter was interviewed by the *Silver and Gold Report*, an impartial, independent, twice-monthly newsletter.

As a subscriber to the *Silver and Gold Report*, you will regularly receive in-depth articles about gold and silver, analyses of price movements, price charts, relevant economic data, book reviews, editorials, and a broad range of responsible, expert opinion relating to precious metals, such as Mr. Exter's. In sum, you receive, in clear non-technical terms, the information you need to make critically important decisions about the role of silver and gold in your own investment program.

A copy of Mr. Exter's interview is yours as a Bonus when you take a two-month 4-issue Introductory Subscription to the *Silver and Gold Report* for \$10. Simply clip and mail the coupon with your \$10 check or money order.

SILVER AND GOLD REPORT

16 Shamrock Lane, Norwalk, Conn. 06850

Please enter my Introductory Subscription so I receive 4 issues of the *Silver and Gold Report* plus the interview with Mr. Exter. My \$10 check or money order is enclosed.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

© 1976, SILVER AND GOLD REPORT

than horizontally, in keeping with the church's philosophy of upward mobility. The highlight of the tour is the 14-story high Chapel in the Sky, which commands an unimpeded view of Disneyland's white painted plastic and plaster model of the Matterhorn.

Schuller calls his church "a shopping center for God," and in keeping with that philosophy there is a price tag on everything. Visiting clerics pay \$165 a head (motel room and transport extra) to attend four-day courses at the Robert H. Schuller Institute for Successful Churchleadership. The lonely pay \$100 each (meals and accommodation extra) to attend Schuller's three-day Positive Christian Single Conferences. Membership in Schuller's Performing Arts Center, Inc. costs from \$14 to \$20 a month (guitar rentals extra). Teen-agers are offered participation in "Our mysterious snipe egg hunt, yummy snacks, singing and bonfire all for two dollars." For those with more mature interests, the church recently offered "lovely Robin Carr, 1975 Miss California and Miss America runner-up" preaching on the theme "He Thinks I'm Beautiful." Reservations for a "day extraordinaire" at the drive-in church costs nine dollars with one recent "special day of spiritual enrichment" featuring "exquisite fashions presented by Fashion Square of Santa Ana."

Half-hour weddings in the Chapel in the Sky cost \$165 (minister's honorarium extra). Rental of Schuller's "social hall with its walls of glass" costs up to \$200. His "Talk-it-over groups" and "retiree's activities" include seminars in wills, trusts and estate planning. Cassettes of Schuller's sermons, bound like books between vinyl covers, go on sale as soon as he gives them, and recently a six-tape collection of Rev. Schuller's homilies—"a \$29.95 value"—was offered at the Tower of Hope sales counter for "only \$20." The sales booths do not stock Bibles, but they do offer Schuller's most widely distributed pamphlet. It is entitled "The Joy of Giving."

In return for their cash, checks and money orders, Schuller's flock receives a sense of community without having to get out of their cars, a feeling of spiritual redemption without having to change their lives. "For instant help," one brochure suggests "Dial New-Hope," which connects the caller with Schuller's telephone counselling service. "Most people want to be told that everything will turn out right," one counsellor recently remarked, but they want to do it without personal contact. Schuller himself declares that the key to saving souls is "surplus parking." "I come here to recharge my batteries," one worshipper recently explained, unconsciously equating himself with his automobile. Schuller himself emphasizes the need for regular "spiritual tune-ups."

Schuller's formula, by any standard, has made his church a fiscal phenomenon in an age of withering religious revenues. One recent Sunday morning, cars were backed up to the nearby freeway waiting to enter

the church. In the drive-in sanctuary, the distinction between medium and message, public relations image and religious substance, is totally banished. From behind an automobile windshield, Schuller, speaking from a nearby balcony, is no larger than a flickering television image. Communicants listen to him not by opening the windows of their air-conditioned cars, but by tuning their radios to the church station. Schuller gestures neither to his indoor congregation nor to the parking lot, but to the cameras as he speaks, and the congregation's response often is similar to that of a television studio audience. "Since audible applause becomes an interruption for many in their worship experience," a program note cautions, "we suggest that your appreciation be indicated with a silent applause from the heart."

Schuller opened his sermon with a homily on ethics in parking, but the title of his main sermon was "Alter Your Altars." Every human being, Schuller suggested, has an altar within himself which either hinders or helps the search for success. "Can we alter our altars?" he asked rhetorically.

Schuller emphasized that no Paul-on-the-road-to-Damascus kind of experience was necessary for a more successful life. There was no need for any emotional decision for Christ, nor for any dramatic spiritual rebirth or traumatic personal catharsis to turn that mountain into a gold mine. To prove his point, he told a parable of himself. On a recent flight to Chicago, the most famous passenger had been the TV comedienne, Phyllis Diller. But the pilot had delayed the connecting flight to ask for Schuller's autograph instead, and to call his wife so that she could speak to him on the telephone.

Schuller's admirers say that he makes his audience feel good about their lives, and that he imparts a sense of community to a video congregation uprooted from its traditional ties by the massive shift of population out of the Midwest into the Sunbelt. His critics contend that Schuller has done for Jesus what Colonel Sanders has done for chicken, that he offers a kind of fast-food franchise salvation bearing the same relationship to the Christ of the Cross that the plastic automaton Abraham Lincoln at Disneyland does to the American Civil War. "You would never know from listening to Schuller," a rival minister complained, "that drug addiction among middle class children in Orange County is a major problem, let alone that there are Chicano and black ghettos in this state." Commented a Catholic priest: "He seems to be in the business of selling indulgences." It is a matter of record that Schuller in the past avoided all comment on Vietnam and Watergate. When recently asked where Schuller stood on abortion, race relations, premarital intercourse, homosexuality, divorce and female ordination, an aide replied: "We try to avoid doctrinal controversy at the Garden Grove Community Church."

From his executive suite atop the Tower of Hope,

Rev. Schuller looks down on a Southern California that 20 years ago was still almost empty, and which today is filled with another kind of emptiness. At Disneyland, the next stop for many family cars after they leave Schuller's church, passive crowds wait in well-ordered lines to take a jungle cruise through a plastic Adventureland, or a submarine voyage two feet under Tomorrowland. At both church and amusement park the crowds are well dressed, and almost entirely white. The adults speak little. The children seldom cry, and never seem to run and laugh. The squeals of terror and delight of the old-fashioned roller coaster are as alien to Disney's Magic Kingdom as the hell-and-brimstone of the old fundamentalism is to Schuller's television series.

If Schuller's own contribution to the transformation of Southern California into a land of social rootlessness and automobile pollution has caused him to re-examine either his conscience or his marketing strategy, he gives

no sign of it. "Inch by inch," one of his "powerhelps for daily living" asserts, "Everything is a cinch." "When you fail to plan," he elaborates, "You are planning to fail."

Schuller's own plans include new computers to manage his electronic fund-raising campaign, and a \$15 million "Crystal Cathedral." The edifice will have 10,000 plate glass windows, each one commemorating a \$500 donation. Mrs. Robert Dole, wife of the recent Republican vice-presidential candidate, has paid for one window, and insurance czar W. Clement Stone has pledged a million dollars for the project. "What you give is what you get," Schuller tells his contributors. He adds that his own success story is a living contradiction to the assertion that God is dead.

T. D. Allman

Mr. Allman is Edward R. Murrow Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.

The President's Plumage

Trappings of Power

by Henry Fairlie

When I read in three newspapers on the same day that the "trappings of power" were beginning to surround the President-elect, I wondered what they meant. Trappings are adornments, such as knights in the middle ages wore at tournaments; and perhaps they are equipping the President-elect like that, with plumes and armor and pennants, at last to hoist him by crane onto his horse on January 20, so that he may ride among his people on a Cloth of Gold.

It would be appropriate to the exaltation of the presidency in this century, which perhaps began when Theodore Roosevelt shrewdly took the popular name for the executive mansion and made it the official name: the White House. It was shrewd because to take a popular name in that way is a form of glamorization; and moreover the reference to the executive was a reminder that it was only one branch of government, with the legislature still elsewhere on top of its hill.

But the elevation of the presidency is perhaps not such a danger now as it was 16 years ago. The American people have had their Camelot, their taste of King Arthur. Indeed they seem hardly in the mood to find

heroes anywhere. Jimmy Carter may promise to reform the tax system and look after the poor. But no one seems to think that it is Robin Hood and his Merry Men who will come riding up from Atlanta next January. Merriness is not the climate in Plains; we are still going to have to make our own jokes.

But what the newspapers meant by trappings is in fact as objectionable. What is being erected round the President-elect is a cordon, an impenetrable wall of steel mesh, a grill through which only the favored will be able to speak to him. It is not the imperial presidency that is so worrying now as the isolated presidency. That is what the Air Force jet means when it is instantly put at the service, not of the President even, but of the man who is not yet President.

In an autobiography that runs to 245 pages, Calvin Coolidge devoted only one chapter of 21 pages to his presidency, and a second chapter of only 45 pages to some random reflections on the office. In fact, the chapter on his education is only a little longer than these together, and one puts down the book with the impression that Amherst was more important to him

than the White House. Among his reflections on the office, written less than 50 years ago, is this passage:

"While the facilities of a private car have always been offered, I think they have only been used once, when one was needed for the better comfort of Mrs. Coolidge during her illness. Although I have not been given to much travel during my term of office, it has been sufficient, so that I am convinced that the government should own a private car for the use of the President when he leaves Washington. . . . It is wise public policy to provide him with such ample services."

Such ample services! One private car! There was no aircraft; the facilities of the armed services were not yet at the disposal of their commander-in-chief. The railroads apparently told Coolidge that it was a little difficult for them if he used "the regular trains which are open to the public"; he therefore decided that it "seemed best to run a second section, following the regular train, for the President." This evidence is worth pondering. What have the American people allowed to happen to a popular institution of government in less than a lifetime?

To rush about the country in Air Force jets, always to ride in a cavalcade of cars, is already a form of isolation. But when the President's person is surrounded by a score of Secret Service men, the isolation is carried a step further. Surely the Secret Service protection of Presidents—to say nothing of presidential candidates—has gone beyond the stage of mere farce, and become a threat to democracy. There is not the slightest evidence that a ring of Secret Service men round the President or a candidate is able to protect him from an unanticipated bullet. How many were round John Kennedy; how many surrounding George Wallace; and what did they accomplish?

Harry Truman used to walk across Pennsylvania Avenue for lunch, with a couple of Secret Service men

behind him. Would he really have been any safer if he had been surrounded by a bodyguard if there had been a sniper concealed in one of the buildings which he passed beneath? There are precautions which do not add significantly to the safety of a President, and which therefore do not compensate for the isolation which he must feel from the people and from ordinary life.

The physical isolation is of psychological importance. Nothing matters more in a democratic politician than that he should be constantly reminded of how shifting are the sands on which he must stand from day to day. Harold Macmillan was always skeptical of the reality of political power, even though he was one of the strongest and longest-surviving of British prime ministers in this century. "You claw and clamber for power," he once said to me, "and then what do you find you hold in your hand? A Dead Sea fruit."

He told me about his resignation in 1963. He was ill, and the queen therefore came herself to the hospital so that he might tender his resignation. After she had left, he turned away from the banks of telephones and buzzers and scramblers at his bedside, and slept for a couple of hours. When he woke, he wished to make a call, only to find that while he had slept the telephones and buzzers and scramblers had been stripped from his room, and he had only one hospital phone by his bed. Even he who was so aware of the fragility of all power told the story a little wanly; he clearly felt as if the pockets of a dead man had been robbed even before his corpse was cold.

If a President is isolated, he will begin to persuade himself that his power is greater and is more real than in fact it is. This is one of the things that happened to Richard Nixon. He did not really like the political life. He could not really face the fact that the sands beneath his feet must always be shifting. So he tried to circumvent the ordinary process of politics, and the more he isolated himself, the more he believed that his power was without limit and even irresistible.

For the ring of Secret Service men, the seclusion in the Air Force jets, and the cavalcade of cars, are reflections also of another kind of isolation: that which is enforced by personal advisers in the White House. Who could break through the cordon thrown by them round Nixon, until it was too late? And the cordon of men in Atlanta and Plains has hitherto been just as tight. It is they who give the President the impression that he has only to command and he will be obeyed. They are like the knights round Henry II, who heard him mutter one day "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" And at once rode to Canterbury and plunged their swords into Thomas à Becket, an act for which Henry did penance for the rest of his life.

In his autobiography, which is about as revealing a book about the nature of politics as we have had in this century, Hubert Humphrey criticizes Lyndon Johnson for making so many "non-political" appointments while he was the President, in the hope that this would make



him seem non-political. The truth is that Johnson might have avoided some of his greatest mistakes if he had remained as political as he once had been, the apprentice of Sam Rayburn, and at least as gifted a sorcerer. Johnson was surrounded in the White House by far too many non-political advisers, and he did not know how to take their measure—from Robert McNamara down. He needed those who would have simply said to him: "Lyndon, you're just not going to get away with this one."

But above all presidential politics is being removed from physical and visual contact with the people and the daily life of the country, until at the recent election the candidates had to be shown to the people by the League of Women Voters so that we might have at least some conviction that they really existed, as if they were the infant Prince of Wales being presented to the populace on a shield from the battlements of a castle. Lyndon Johnson was exactly right: "pressing the flesh" in crowds ought to be part of a President's life.

Franklin Roosevelt had a horror of being isolated in the White House. Watching a newsreel of one of his campaign trips one evening, which showed throngs of people at every stop, he said to a guest sitting near him: "That's what I miss here—the crowds." And that, first and foremost, is where a President should be—among the crowds. There is nothing mystical in all this. Just as a political journalist is unlikely to see the tell-tale faces of the people if he just journeys each day from Georgetown to the Sans Souci for lunch, and then, replete, journeys back, so a President will get quickly out of touch if he is cordoned in the White House. He

might as well be encased in a suit of armor.

That the presidency should be accessible to the people is not so important as that the people should be accessible to the President. The great politician acts much of the time by a process of osmosis: he absorbs through his pores what he sees and hears.

One would like to believe the stories that Jimmy Carter intends to make his inauguration both less formal and more open. Lincoln Kirstein wrote a marvelously funny description of attending the inauguration of John Kennedy with none other than W. H. Auden—and what other company could have been better?—but it is the description of an elite, trudging through the snow from concerts to balls, with the people very definitely kept back from the all-but-royal presence. It reminds one of the famous reply of the Guards officer, when he was asked what it had been like on the beaches of Dunkirk. He held up his hand to hold back the memory: "My dear! . . . The noise. . . and the crowds!"

If Jimmy Carter believes what he has said—that he was helped in his pursuit of the presidency by staying in the homes of ordinary people as he traveled the country, learning from them—it is hard to understand why he should not still do the same as President. The onerous tasks of the President of the United States are today a trifle exaggerated; his first task is to know the people he governs. I even think it will be a pity if he abandons in Washington the working clothes to which we have become used to seeing him in Plains. Does a man have to change the habits of his own personality to care for a nation?



Y'all go—Ah b'lieve Ah'll jes' set here an' watch it on TV!

Imprisoned Americans

Standing Room Only

by Anthony Astrachan

The current vogue in penal theory is that rehabilitation doesn't work. Criminals do not respond to curative techniques, the theory goes; they only respond to punishment. This attitude and a steadily growing crime rate have combined to fill America's prisons to the bursting point. New institutions must be built to house the ever-increasing convict population. Hard-line policies cost money, but the hard-liners are seldom willing to pay the price.

The 525 new prisons now being planned will cost an estimated four billion dollars. On a lesser order of magnitude, the Florida legislature appropriated \$54 million this year for new prison construction. That will add 4200 beds to the Florida system. It will also leave Florida at least 5000 beds below the levels required by a federal court order to bring Florida up to date, according to Louie Wainwright, the state prison chief. A new prison bed costs between \$15,000 and \$60,000, depending on the state, the location of the prison (urban or rural), the degree of security and the interpretation of constitutional requirements. It also costs between \$3000 and \$10,000 per inmate to operate a state prison system. It's hard for a state legislature to find that kind of money in ever larger amounts, especially when health and education costs are spiraling, and, as Huey Long used to say, "There ain't no votes in prison."

The people who are reluctant to pay for new prisons, when prisons are built, are also unwilling to have them in their back yard. This makes it hard to use a favorite money-saver—converting an old school, hospital, county jail or chain-gang camp into a prison. Commissioner Leeke of South Carolina, who has converted more than a dozen facilities into prisons, spends a lot of time holding public hearings on new sites, getting local leaders behind him and hiring local people for new institutions. Local resistance was one reason Maryland gave up plans to turn a mothballed US Navy ship into a floating prison; Baltimore politicians didn't want a prison anchored in their harbor. Maryland officials also claimed they couldn't find out which federal department had authority to negotiate for the use of the USS *General William O. Darby*. They're now trying to lease the Fort Meade stockade from the army. Louisiana gave up

on another ship because it would have cost too much to convert, and would not have had the facilities needed for long-term prisoners. Other short cuts include tactics like cutting six months to a year off all sentences, which Georgia tried last year for non-violent, non-sex and non-drug offenders; alternatively, prisoners are allowed to back up in city and county jails before going to crowded state systems. The hardware-buying short cut includes packing prisoners into empty motel units, house trailers (many leased from the federal government) and tents. Florida now has a tent city at the Florida State Prison. Despite the fact that 14 men are put in a 10-man tent, and even though winter heating presents fire hazards, many inmates prefer tents to cells or dorms.

That's a clue to what overcrowded prisons are like. Commissioner Wainwright of Florida is pleased that he no longer has four or five men in a one-man cell, but he still has eight prisoners in a former storage closet 12 feet long and 12 feet wide. Commissioner Leeke of South Carolina calls Cell Block One a dungeon; he'd like to close it down. But he can't when his new model prison, Kirkland Correctional Institution, which opened last year, has 825 men in 448 one-man cells.

Leeke sees three basic consequences of overcrowding. One is the "basic inhumaneness" of the total lack of privacy. Living within a few feet of someone he hasn't chosen to live with is what makes an inmate talk about going crazy. "We all have personal problems," one Georgia prisoner says, "and with personal problems you need two more extra feet just to think for yourself." He grew up as one of 13 children in an Atlanta public housing apartment, but (contrary to the beliefs of some corrections officials) that did not inure him to the insult and injury of prison crowding. The degradation of providing one toilet for 200 men at a decrepit Alabama prison is painfully obvious. But people may feel their humanity insulted in more subtle ways in a new prison.

Leeke describes the second result of overcrowding as excessive use of force. Not guards using force on prisoners, but inmates' assaults on inmates and occasionally on guards. Leeke says he knows of only two possible but unprovable cases of murder occasioned by putting two men in a one-man cell in his eight years as commissioner in South Carolina. In Georgia, Commissioner Ault says, there is an average of one inmate murder per quarter. At the state prison at

Anthony Astrachan, a research associate of the Center for Policy Research, writes frequently about social problems and federal systems.

Angola in Louisiana, from December 1973 through May 1975, there were 213 stabbings that resulted in 20 deaths. That was one bit of evidence that helped win a federal court order that prohibited Angola from admitting any new inmates until conditions were corrected. Its population is down from 3900 to 2600, and so far this year there have been only two murders. In Alabama, a prison doctor examined the records of 2000 men and found that only 40 had not required medical treatment for homosexual rape or stabbing.

The third result of overcrowding is less dramatic but just as important if prisons are to be more than warehouses: crowded prisons and overworked staff cannot offer rehabilitation, education or work programs for the inmates who could benefit from them. "The judge said I was supposed to be rehabilitated," a Georgia inmate complained. "That means programs. Crowding means no programs. The system is different from what the judge thought it was." Kirkland in South Carolina was built to provide work or treatment programs for 448 prisoners. With 825 inmates, warden Jim Harvey says, there are 300 with no productive assignment. The numbers vary from state to state, but in all 50, some prisoners are idle because of overcrowding—which one Michigan official defines as anything more than 95 percent of capacity.

Crowding is not the only reason that federal courts have ordered states to improve their prisons, of course, but it is an important reason, closely related to the charges of racial discrimination and inhumane treatment in which most prison cases originate. The prisons have become a battlefield between the courts and the state governments, with corrections officials often feeling caught in the middle.

In Louisiana, Judge Richard West acknowledged that the officials had attempted in good faith to eliminate unconstitutional conditions but had been prevented from doing so by lack of money. But he found that "Shortage of funds is no defense to an action involving unconstitutional conditions and practices." He said his decision "does not order the Louisiana legislature to appropriate money for prison reform. However, it does require that if the State of Louisiana chooses to run a prison, it must do so without depriving inmates of rights guaranteed to them by the federal constitution." After a delay that West compared to southern opposition to school desegregation, Gov. Edwin J. Edwards put the legislature through two regular and two special sessions to get on the road to compliance with West's order.

That's in contrast with Alabama. When Federal Judge Frank Johnson issued his order on the Alabama prisons last January, Gov. George Wallace interpreted it as a blow at his presidential ambitions and called on people to vote for him as a way of giving "a political barbed wire enema to some of the federal judges in this country." Wallace claimed there had been no inten-

tional neglect of the state's prisons, but L.B. Sullivan resigned as Alabama corrections commissioner last year because he could not get the money he needed to improve them. His successor, Judson Locke, asked the legislature for \$35 million for capital construction—about one-fourth of the estimated real needs—before Judge Johnson issued his decision. After the decision, the Alabama legislature appropriated no money for prison-building. Locke must make do with six million dollars from a bond issue and four million dollars that Wallace "found." Locke says he made a good-faith effort at compliance with the court order, but as the December 31 deadline established by Judge Johnson approaches, a 39-member committee appointed to oversee progress is full of doubts.

No governor or corrections commissioner has yet gone to jail for failing to comply with a court order to improve prisons, but even the possibility that it could happen indicates how serious the problems are. Several officials have been ordered to compensate prisoners in cash for failure to protect prisoners' rights. A federal jury, for instance, recently awarded \$50,000 to a man who was raped in the Fairfax County Jail in Virginia because the jury found the sheriff negligent. The victim's attorney acknowledged that Sheriff James D. Swinson had "always been regarded as one of the better sheriffs in northern Virginia," but he saw the verdict as an important precedent. Fairfax County Jail, designed to hold 70 people, has held as many as 190. Such judgments pose serious problems for officials in states where there is no indemnification system. More important, they reflect the degree of cruelty inherent in overcrowded prisons. If the courts fail to improve the situation, the prisoners will realize they have no legal or procedural recourse within the system, and then violence is inevitable.

These are not just today's problems. Current planning will affect the penal system not only for the next decade, but for the next century. Yet our leaders keep talking as though a quick answer will suffice. During the presidential election campaign, Jerry Ford promised a new anti-crime program in the first 100 days of a new Ford administration. Jimmy Carter talked about the way "big-shot crooks" get off and praised Supreme Court decisions limiting defendants' rights. Neither talked about prisons or the price of law and order.

State Representative Alan Norris of Ohio was more honest earlier this year when he introduced a bill for a \$250 million bond issue for capital spending by the Ohio Department of Corrections. "We can either pay the bill and lock 'em up, or fail to pay the bill and let 'em loose," he said. The bill never got out of committee. Jimmy Carter will now have to decide how to help the states solve one of the ugliest but least talked about problems in the federal system. Meanwhile, America remains the country with the highest incarceration rate in the free world.

NATO's Unruly Two Greece vs. Turkey

by Tad Szulc

Ankara

A straight line is *not* the shortest distance between two points when you fly from Greece to Turkey. With the air space over the Aegean Sea closed to traffic since the 1974 Cyprus war, Air France Flight 160, the only direct airline link between these two countries, has to fly north from Athens across the rugged border mountains into Bulgaria, veer east over Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, proceed to the Black Sea coast, then turn south to reach Istanbul, the teeming Turkish city astride the Bosphorus. Because the Air France flight comes from Greece, it is not permitted to go on to Ankara, the capital of Turkey on the Anatolian plains. The traveler has to wait five hours for a Turkish Airlines flight from Istanbul to Ankara in order to reach his destination. From Ankara, one can fly to Teheran or Rome, but not to Athens; to get to Greece, the harried traveler must change planes in Istanbul.

The point of describing this complex airline schedule is to stress the absurd—and still explosive—state of relations that has existed between Greece and Turkey since July 1974. That was when the latter invaded Cyprus, allegedly to prevent that Mediterranean island's *enosis* (union) with Greece, and threw the situation in this strategic region into a cocked hat. The Turkish intervention followed a coup engineered by the Greek military junta, then in power in Athens, aimed at ousting Archbishop Makarios, the president of Cyprus, and, for all we know, to carry out *enosis*.

Greek-Turkish enmity is more than a bilateral problem. It affects the functioning of NATO in the Eastern Mediterranean at a time when the Soviet Union is stepping up its naval activities and has assigned its first aircraft carrier, the *Kiev*, to the fleet there. Greece left the military structure of NATO after the Cyprus invasion and is not likely to return to the fold in the foreseeable future, even though it is committed to placing its forces under the alliance's command in the event of a major war. Thus the irony: to travel from one to the other of these NATO members, it is necessary to fly over Bulgaria, a Warsaw Pact member.

US strategic operations in this corner of the Mediterranean are largely paralyzed at the moment because during the Cyprus conflict, Secretary of State Kissinger—and subsequently Congress—succeeded in antagonizing all the parties involved: the Greeks, the Turks and the Cypriots. Anti-American sentiment is about the only thing these three countries have in

common, although Jimmy Carter's election, rightly or wrongly, has given the Greeks and the Cypriots new hope.

Turkey ordered the US to suspend all operations at Turkish bases, including the three National Security Agency intelligence installations monitoring Soviet nuclear testing and other armed activities, in retaliation for Congress' decision to halt military assistance to Ankara. The quarrel began when Congress punished the Turks for using American equipment against a NATO ally in violation of US law for the Cyprus war. I was told flatly in Ankara that this ban will be lifted only when Congress ratifies the new defense treaty, signed last March, providing for the resumption of arms deliveries and \$1.6 billion in aid to Turkey over four years.

Congress, however, is unlikely to act on the Turkish pact, if it does at all, until a parallel treaty requested by the Greeks has been signed. The Greeks have already cancelled the home-porting of Sixth Fleet ships at Eleusis, a favor the Nixon administration won from the Greek military junta. The Greeks are demanding the closing of three US bases on their territory, the removal of American nuclear weapons, the placing of all other bases used by US forces under Greek command and the payment of \$700 million over a four-year period.

After six months of negotiations that left some major problems unresolved, the talks were adjourned *sine die* early last October—mainly because Athens decided it might do better with a new administration in Washington. The Greeks deeply hoped that Carter would bring a change of policy. As matters now stand, the negotiations are unlikely to resume before next February, which means that the entire strategic picture in the Eastern Mediterranean will remain frozen well into 1977.

Meanwhile, the US can go on using some Greek facilities under certain conditions, but Athens will not re-enter the NATO military structure until a new treaty is signed and ratified. With the Turks determined to keep US installations in mothballs until *their* treaty is ratified, the two situations are completely linked. The Carter administration thus has its work cut out, with much depending on the desires of Congress.

In the meantime, Greece and Turkey remain at swords' points, and Cyprus is only one, though the most fundamental, of their current quarrels. The reason one has to fly for nearly two hours across

Bulgaria to get from Athens to Istanbul, normally a 40-minute flight, is that more than two years ago the Greeks closed down the Aegean Sea air space to all civilian and non-Greek military flights in a dispute over the precise line where Athens air control ends and Istanbul control begins. This is known as the Flight Information Region (FIR) dispute, but it relates to the larger issues of the delimitation of the Aegean continental shelf (which is believed to contain oil), the definition of the territorial waters around the 3057 islands and rocks in the Aegean (most of them are Greek, and quite a few lie very close to the Turkish coast), and the question of the demilitarization of the Dodecanese islands held by Greece.

Last summer, the danger of war arose when the Turkish research ship *Sismik-I* spent nearly two months exploring for oil around the Greek islands of Skiros, Limnos and Khios, near the Greek mainland. Athens charged before the United Nations Security Council that this posed a threat to peace. The vessel went home late in September, partly as a result of quiet diplomacy by Western powers. The atmosphere improved somewhat when Greek and Turkish delegations began meeting on November 2 in Paris to discuss the air space problem and in Bern to start delimiting the Aegean continental shelf. At this writing, nothing is resolved concerning the air space, but both sides signed a document on November 12 outlining procedures for future talks on the exploration and exploitation of Aegean resources.

This is encouraging, as far as it goes. However, the deep-seated suspicions between Greece and Turkey remain. During a visit to Athens, I was told by senior government officials that, having occupied 40 percent of the Cypriot territory, the Turks are thinking not only of grabbing all of Cyprus, but also of "finishing off Greece altogether" through military conquest. Greek officials stressed that since the Cyprus invasion in 1974 the Turks have formed a special "Aegean Army" designed, in Athens' view, to capture any number of Greek islands—and more.

In Ankara, foreign ministry officials, while acknowledging the existence of the "Aegean Army," claimed in background conversations that military preparedness is essential to discourage the Greeks from attacking Turkey from their coastal islands. The Turks say that there may be as many as two Greek divisions, including tanks, in the Dodecanese island group and elsewhere, in violation of the 1923 Lausanne treaty, which ended the last bloody Greek-Turkish war, and the 1947 Paris peace treaty. Western diplomats in Ankara support the Turkish charge about the militarization of the islands (though they refuse to go into numbers of Greek troops). The Greeks, not really denying the accusation, say that they must be ready to defend their islands from a possible Turkish assault.

It is idle to discuss whose suspicions are better

founded, but, as I learned during my Athens and Ankara visits, the overall situation is so tense that any incident could trigger Greek-Turkish warfare. That the negotiations between representatives of Greek and Turkish Cypriot communities over their future relationship are completely stalled and that no solution *in loco* is in sight aggravates tensions. The weakness of the current Turkish government, which is in no position to make the slightest concession over Cyprus even if it were so disposed, is clearly no help. Premier Suleyman Demirel, who may not survive the winter politically, would be playing into the hands of his archrival Bulent Ecevit (who, as premier, ordered the Cyprus invasion) if he engaged in any conciliatory moves toward Archbishop Makarios and the Greek Cypriots. However, Demirel has some latitude on negotiations with Greece over the continental shelf and Aegean air space.

In Athens, Premier Constantine Karamanlis is in better control of the political situation at home, but he has to watch his step both in relations with Turkey, especially over Cyprus, and with the US. The mood in Athens when I visited recently was reflected in an announcement by the Greek National Students' Union calling for a mobilization of students and demanding that no further concessions be made to the Turks. On the same day, Athens newspapers carried reports that Rauf Denktash, the leader of the Turkish Cypriot community, was planning to assassinate Makarios so that "the Cyprus problem could be settled satisfactorily in 24 hours."

Karamanlis' supporters say that the elderly premier hopes to settle the dispute with Turkey across-the-board as Venizelos, this century's greatest Greek statesman, was able to do in 1923 with Turkey's President Ataturk. Whether Karamanlis has the talent of Venizelos is a matter of opinion, but, in Ankara, neither Demirel nor Ecevit is in Ataturk's mold. Given the complexities of Greek-Turkish problems at this time, it seems doubtful that a breakthrough of the Venizelos-Ataturk type is in the offing.

For one thing, the Cyprus deadlock seems unbreakable. The so-called communal talks between the two Cypriot groups, the last session having been held in Vienna last February, cannot succeed for the simple reason that their positions appear irreconcilable.

The Turkish community (fully backed by Ankara) insists on a "bizonal" solution which would sanction the *de facto* partition that has existed since the Turks landed their troops on the island. The Turkish Cypriots want a separate administration and strong links with Turkey. Turkey has no intention of withdrawing the bulk of its forces from the area conquered in 1974. The Greek Cypriots are holding out for a federative state, presumably governed as before by Archbishop Makarios. As the recent elections have shown, he is beloved by his Greek constituents. Athens may have some reservations about Makarios, but the Karamanlis

government has no choice but to back him to the hilt.

Despite the loss of almost one-half of the Greeks' territory, Makarios is curiously in an excellent political position; this rules out any concessions on his part in the communal talks. He is the undisputed leader of his section of Cyprus; the economic situation in the area under his control is vastly superior to that in the Turkish zone (despite the fact that some 200,000 refugees had to be absorbed) and he enjoys overwhelming international support.

On November 12, for example, the UN General Assembly voted 94 to one (Turkey was the lone dissenter) to demand the withdrawal of Turkish troops from the island. Most of the support for Makarios came from "Third World" and Communist countries, with 27 delegations, including the US, abstaining. The US has remained trapped in the position created by Kissinger in 1974, when he was more than willing to permit the ouster of Makarios (one of the foreign leaders for whom the Secretary has a special distaste, suspecting him of leftist leanings). Kissinger did relatively little to discourage the Turkish invasion. Subsequently, he fought a losing battle with Congress over the cut-off of military aid to Turkey.

Under the circumstances, the US could not support the General Assembly resolution, and most of the Western European countries followed suit in a vote that resulted in another cleavage with the "Third World." Among other considerations, backing for Makarios (and, indirectly, for Greece) would further antagonize the Turks and probably delay even longer the reactivation of the American intelligence installations that Washington considers vital. Not only is the administration worried over the loss of Soviet intelligence from the Turkish bases, but, as I learned in Ankara, a serious morale problem is developing among National Security Agency personnel who have been reduced to total idleness for nearly two years. Most of the NSA specialists have been retained in Turkey to maintain the equipment, but surveillance has stopped.

Ironically, the situation is pushing both Greece and Turkey (as well as Makarios' Cyprus) toward the Soviet Union. Each of the three, for its own reasons, has been flirting with Moscow.

Turkey, ignoring the Soviet stand on Cyprus, has been drawn closer to Moscow as a result of its dispute with the United States over military aid and the bases. Feeling vulnerable because of its long land border with the Soviet Union, Turkey seems to be moving into something of a neutralist position, a trend that may become more accentuated as the treaty deadlock with the United States is prolonged. The Soviet Union, which evidently has no difficulty supporting Makarios while trying to improve its relations with Ankara, has been quite responsive. Among other things, Moscow has not forgotten that the Turks closed their eyes when Soviet aircraft overflew their territory at the time of

the airlift for the Arabs during the 1973 Yom Kippur war. Actually, there was little the Turks could have done about it, and the US tacitly went along with Ankara's see-nothing-hear-nothing attitude.

Greece feels some gratitude to the "Third World" countries and the Soviet Union for their solidarity over Cyprus after being let down in 1974 by the US and NATO—even after the junta was overthrown and replaced with the democratic Karamanlis government. Thus Athens has been subtly shifting its policy away from support of Israel and toward the Arabs. According to diplomats in the Greek capital, the events of 1974 are behind Greece's tough stance in the current negotiations with the US on military bases. Recently, the Karamanlis government has begun to let some of the Greek Communists, exiled after the 1946-1949 civil war, return home.

Kissinger's speech before the UN General Assembly on September 30 did little to assuage anti-American sentiment in Athens. Speaking of Cyprus, the Secretary recognized that "the danger of conflict between Greece and Turkey has spread to other issues, as we have recently seen in the Aegean," but his proposals for the island were confined to the view that "the present dividing lines on Cyprus must be adjusted to reduce the area currently controlled by the Turkish side" and that "security arrangements should be agreed that permit the withdrawal of foreign military forces other than those present under international agreement." This was not considered adequate in Athens.

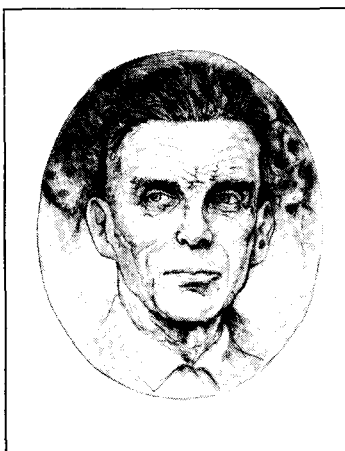
Coincidentally or not, the Greek negotiations with the US were suddenly adjourned a week later; after a delay, Karamanlis explained that he preferred to talk with a new administration in Washington. What neither side admitted publicly was that they were far from reaching agreement on several key topics, including the Greek demand for the removal of nuclear weapons from American bases.

As Greek officials pointed out privately, one difficulty was the task of penetrating layer after layer of secret agreements concluded with the US since 1947, some of them touching on highly sensitive strategic matters. Then there was the question of defining how the facilities the US would be allowed to retain in Greece would also serve the defense of Greece, a major political point as far as Karamanlis is concerned. Other thorny points were how to reduce US military personnel by one-third from the 4000 men now stationed in Greece and how to cut back the privileges they enjoy.

It is hard to predict how Carter, presumably as vulnerable to Pentagon pressure as President Ford, will conduct the negotiations with Greece. But Athens is full of hope, and so is Makarios: he ordered the bells to be rung in Cyprus churches and gave government employees a day off to celebrate Carter's victory. The Turkish reaction was one of concern. Thus the Greek-Turkish problem is a can of worms that Kissinger is leaving for Jimmy Carter.

Visages of Three Great Writers

Captured in
a Limited
Edition of
Etchings by
Jack Coughlin



Samuel Beckett



James Joyce



Thomas Mann

Samuel Beckett. James Joyce. Thomas Mann. Three separate exquisitely detailed, signed and numbered, 11" x 12", sepia tone etchings on fine matte finish stock. Only 100 etchings of each man can be offered in this limited edition. **\$50 per etching.**

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me _____ etchings of Beckett. _____ of Joyce and _____ of Mann priced at \$50 each PPD.

I am enclosing a () check or () money order for a total of \$ _____

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.
Washington, DC residents add 5% sales tax.

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Poor Folk

Rocky (United Artists). How's this for the story of a film? An Italian-American boy grows up in a dreary section of Philadelphia, is thin and spindly, develops muscle and good looks, tries to be an actor, flops, works as an athletic instructor at a girls' school abroad, comes back to be an actor again, has spotty luck, writes a couple of novels he can't get published, finds some small parts in TV and in films, writes a film script, is offered \$180,000 for it but turns it down though his wife is pregnant and they are broke because he wants to play the lead, is offered \$250,000 but still turns it down though his wife is still pregnant and they are still broke because he still wants to play the lead, finally gets low-budget backing (one million dollars) and the lead, makes the film, and, before its release, stirs up the biggest advance publicity fuss since Jack Nicholson blew in.

Well, that's the story *about* the film—about Sylvester Stallone who wrote it and plays the lead. The plot of Stallone's film itself isn't quite as good. Except for little embroideries of frankness and topical reference, this is just one more picture about a club fighter who "coulda been a contender" and suddenly finds he *is* a contender. There's the tough old gym manager who despises our hero because he had the gift but was lazy and who rallies to help him when the kid gets a title shot. And there's the girl (who takes off her glasses and, say, she's Beautiful) who pushes her way down the aisle after the fight to embrace him in the ring and say "I love you," and through puffy lips he replies "I love you," fadeout.

What must have attracted producers to this script was the fact that it hadn't been made in some time and that this latest version had some fancy touches. But not all those touches are credible.

We can believe that Rocky—yep, that's the hero's name—works as a strong-arm collector for a loan shark. It's a little harder to believe that Rocky is picked out of a catalogue of available fighters to replace a disabled contender in a match with the heavyweight champion of the world, and is picked solely because of his nickname, the Italian Stallion; and is picked by the champion himself, a Muhammad Ali type; and that he signs without a manager; and that the whole time he trains for this much-publicized fight he has only one visit from the media.

It's all pure Movieland, with updates. Stallone is chesty and pleasant, has big liquid eyes and a Roman nose—an unrunty Al Pacino. (As author, Stallone had to write in a lot of lines to explain how this knockabout pug still had a high-bridged nose. It gets busted, we're told, in the big fight though we can't see it.) He has some appeal. He's a fair enough actor, though once in a while he slips out of mug tonality into something a bit more cultivated. I congratulate him on his double success although, so far, I'm not knocked out by his abilities in either way. (Most impressive moment: While training, he does a series of alternating one-hand pushups.)

The director is John G. Avildsen, not nearly as imaginative as he was in *Joe* or *Save the Tiger*. For instance, he begins hokily here with a closeup of a mosaic Christ on (I guess) the wall of a church hall, then pulls back to show us a savage prize-fight in the middle of that hall. Occasionally Avildsen finds a nice image, holding back in a long shot to let some action be neatly incised almost in silhouette. He handles the climactic fight well but not exceptionally, and he doesn't mind reminding us of other films. When Rocky and the girl, who is Nice, embrace for the first time, they sink to the floor of a dingy apartment like Brando and Eva Marie Saint.

A big handicap is the cinematography of James Crabe. This picture cries out—screams—for black and white. If that was impossible, then at least the colors should have been muted, not primary-postcard splotches. What we see contradicts what we're supposed to be feeling all through the picture.

What we're supposed to be feeling is griminess. The writing and the acting loll around in naturalism at its most sentimental, naturalism as display. Most of the cast were chosen for their ugliness (except Burgess Meredith, who is unusually restrained as the gym manager) and were encouraged to lay it on. No

chance is lost in look or sound to be gross, minatory, repellent. I don't suppose things are any prettier in the poor districts of Philadelphia than in other poor districts, but contradicted as the grime is by the gooey photography and phony story, this film becomes naturalism as romance.

Bound for Glory (United Artists). The credits give top billing to the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, and quite right, too. The picture is based on the autobiography of Woody Guthrie. It begins in a small Texas town, deep in the Depression of 1936, then moves, via freight-train hopping, to southern California, mostly to migrant-worker camps. Wexler has managed, while working in color, to suggest the textures of Walker Evans and Margaret Bourke-White, an underlay of hopeless but indomitable pride. Within a relatively narrow range Wexler's chromatic plan has considerable variety. He wants to suggest that colors are not as bright as they have been, yet he never melodramatizes. He just manages to fill the air with an atmosphere—of the end of one kind of surety in America.

There are a few spectacular special effects, like a long shot of a dust storm billowing up on a Texas town, and I assume that the celebrated special-effects man, Albert Whitlock, had something to do with them. To complete the visual conspectus, the production design by Michael Haller and the costume designs by William Theiss are first-class; and the director Hal Ashby

(continued on page 40)

Films Worth Seeing

The Marquise of O... Eric Rohmer's exquisite film "placement" of Kleist's novella, in Kleist's language. A gem.

The Memory of Justice. Marcel Ophuls' huge, hugely intelligent essay on justice, beginning with Nuremberg and moving outward. Most of it beautifully made, all of it most welcome.

Network. TV power plays. Paddy Chayefsky's script is basically phony, but it crackles along. Cast and direction are slick.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud—and high time, too, for both of them. A wonderfully acted romp.

SK



The Year's Books

(PART II)

Robert A. Dahl on Politics

Jimmy Carter's narrow victory was barely nailed down before commentators began talking about his success, such as it was, in rebuilding the old New Deal coalition. It will take some time before we have the careful studies of this last election that will provide us with a reasonably firm foundation for judgments of that kind. Meanwhile, it may be useful to inquire whether there is much evidence to support the notion that the New Deal coalition has been, or at any rate can be, put together again.

Although the fragility of the New Deal coalition in presidential elections (congressional elections are another story) had been quickly revealed by Eisenhower's two overwhelming victories, which were bracketed by Truman's squeaker in 1948 and JFK's in 1960, many liberal Democrats continued to believe, and more to hope, that the old horse could still run the big race. Mainly it was a question of getting a good rider—as, in this view, JFK might have been and LBJ surely was, until he rode the noble animal into the madness of Vietnam and had it shot out from under him.

While conservative writers like Kevin

Phillips were arguing that the Democratic majority was irretrievably gone and the future was to be with an emerging Republican majority, many liberal Democrats continued to believe that the old majority was still there, still essentially committed to the doctrines and programs of the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier and Great Society. Their optimism was sometimes buttressed by scholarly inquiries into the changes that had been going on in the American party system. Thus in 1973, in an analytical history of party realignments from the 1840s to 1960s, James Sundquist, a political scientist at Brookings, came to the conclusion that the New Deal party system stood a good chance of being reinvigorated (*Dynamics of the Party System, Alignment and Realignment of Political Parties in the United States* [Brookings, \$8.95]). In his view, four issues had upset the alignments developed in the 1930s: communism, race, Vietnam and "the social issue" (law and order, marijuana, life styles, abortion and the like.) Communism was already dead as an issue; Vietnam and the social issue were losing their steam. Race would neither polarize the two parties nor bring about a replacement of one of them by a third



*Serving America's
Union Families*

The American Income Philosophy

- ... to recognize what is and what can be
- ... to know where we are and where we are going
- ... to dream big and implement realistically
- ... to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

Our company operates under the free enterprise system and is basically like other insurance companies. There is one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force, and our agents all are union members and are covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 15% fight for what's left. Even though American Income Life has over \$70 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

Our successful struggle for a place in the insurance market is living proof that a company which has union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of a union contract and union wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—A UNION LABEL COMPANY SERVING AMERICAN UNION FAMILIES. IT IS PUBLICLY OWNED WITH 4800 STOCK HOLDERS AND WITH ASSETS IN EXCESS OF 70 MILLION DOLLARS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE AN ANNUAL REPORT, WRITE TO KENNETH W. PHILLIPS, VICE PRESIDENT AND CONTROLLER, P.O.B. 208, WACO, TEXAS 76703.

Order Now
and Save 10%!

Conflict Sociology

TOWARD AN
EXPLANATORY SCIENCE

by RANDALL COLLINS

1975, 602 pp., \$22.50

DISCOUNT PRICE, \$20.25

In a display of daring—backed by substantive reasoning, argumentation, and discussion—this volume attempts to clear away the obstacles that, for so long, have stood in the way of a genuinely scientific sociology.

Randall Collins, a pioneering young sociologist, tries to remedy, in his book, what he terms the excessive fragmentation and topicality of sociological research and the confusion of explanatory goals with ideological, practical, and aesthetic ones. He documents just what it is we know about explaining stratification, informal status cultures, sexual and age roles, organizations, politics, mobility, the distribution of wealth, and intellectual communities. The result is a unified view of what sociology is and should be: The author calls it "conflict sociology."

Specifically, the book is a four-pronged work that incorporates:

- A general explanatory theory for sociology;
- A nonideological synthesis of the theoretical perspectives of Marx, Weber, and Goffman, along with accumulated empirical evidence;
- A unification of macro and micro perspectives;
- An overview of the current scientific status of sociology.

CONFLICT SOCIOLOGY is a work that promises to stir up controversy in the academic community. It should be read not only by professionals and students of sociology, but also by political scientists, economists, anthropologists, and others interested in keeping abreast of the latest sociological perspectives.

ACADEMIC PRESS, INC.

A Subsidiary of
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers
111 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10003
24-28 OVAL ROAD, LONDON NW1 7DX

Please send me _____ copies of CONFLICT
SOCIOLOGY @ \$20.25

Check enclosed _____ Bill me _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Send payment with order and save postage
plus 50¢ handling charge. New York residents
please add sales tax. Prices subject to change
without notice. Direct all orders to Paul Negri.

NR/11/76

party. "As the second Nixon administration began, a set of domestic issues squarely coincident with the line of cleavage of the New Deal party system was rapidly moving back to the center of public attention. . . . The New Deal party system would take on a fresh significance as it dealt with the kind of issues for which it was designed."

Yet if the old New Deal coalition was out there waiting only to be reactivated, Democratic presidential candidates obviously had a hard time finding it. It now seems to me likely that it was not out there after all—nor, for that matter, was Kevin Phillip's emerging Republican majority. At any rate I am so persuaded by two comparatively recent books that tell us a great deal about changes in the American electorate over the past quarter century: *Transformations of the American Party System, Political Coalitions from the New Deal to the 1970s* by Everett Carl Ladd, Jr., with Charles D. Hadley (Norton, \$12.50), and Norman H. Nie, Sidney Verba and John R. Petrocik's *The Changing American Voter* (Harvard; \$15). Both books are by academic political scientists; both rely heavily on survey data for their evidence; and one appeared hard on the heels of the other. Yet they are different in important ways. For one thing, the book by Ladd and Hadley is much the more readable. Naturally, it exhibits a great many tables and charts, but none of them is obscure and anyone who is completely thrown off by such things probably has no business delving into scholarly writing on elections. The exposition is sufficiently clear and straight-forward to encourage me to urge even someone traumatized by numbers at an early age to go ahead and read the prose. The book by Nie, Verba and Petrocik too often reads like a book written for fellow professionals by a committee of social scientists, which I guess it was. This is a great pity, for it is an intelligent and important piece of work. Even if it is by no means easily accessible, one who persists through the kind of writing that social scientists are compelled to read (if not necessarily to write) will find the book rewarding.

Both books document a large number of changes that make it rather unlikely that the two parties will reappear looking pretty much the way they did from the mid-'30s to the mid-'50s. In both parties there has been an erosion in the solid core of social groups from which they once drew their support. Sometimes the shift away from one party means a shift toward the other;

often, however, the change has been toward a more independent stance. What the Democrats lose, the Republicans don't necessarily gain (*pace* Phillips); more voters are therefore up for grabs at election times. Erosion has changed the Democratic party to something of an upper-lower coalition, weak among the social strata in the middle. As the party lost support among white Southerners (massively among upper and middle status whites, moderately but still significantly among lower status whites), big city blue collar workers, Catholics and ethnic groups generally, its strength increased among blacks. At the same time, support for Democrats rose (and for Republicans, declined) among college-educated, higher status, younger Northern whites. The net effect, in Ladd's phrase, is an "inversion of the New Deal class order," a development noted also by Gerald Pomper, in his *Voter's Choice, Varieties of American Electoral Behavior* (Dodd, Mead; \$10).

The change has been striking to anyone who has taught a long time at an Ivy League institution, as I have. As Ladd points out, "the student populations of the 1930s and 1940s had been generally Republican, following the normal class distributions of the time: groups of higher socioeconomic status tended to be Republican, and college students were drawn largely from the middle and upper-middle classes." This relatively conservative and predominantly Republican orientation continued through the Eisenhower years. But by the late 1960s, students had become, in Ladd's words, "heavily anti-Republican." While people of college age may have drifted toward Ford in the last election—as a Harris poll late in the campaign indicated—a survey at several Ivy League colleges conducted in October by campus newspapers showed that the move of upper status young people toward the Democratic party, and even farther left, has probably not been reversed. For example, 57 percent of the students interviewed at Yale and 54 percent at Harvard considered themselves "left or center of far left"; and about 60 percent favored Carter at both places.

Although the most recent election campaign seems to belie it, both books also find evidence that voters have become increasingly ideological and concerned with issues. If it endures, and there is reason to think it will, this change is bound to have important and even fundamental consequences for the

American party system. The orthodox view is, of course, that Americans are deeply averse to ideological perspectives in politics. In the book that has dominated all scholarly discussion on voting since 1960, *The American Voter*, an eminent team of social scientists at the University of Michigan Survey Research Center firmly established that by even the most generous measure, the degree of ideological thinking in the American electorate was almost negligible. A few years later one member of the team, Philip Converse, concluded after a beautifully reasoned analysis "that large portions of an electorate do not have meaningful beliefs, even on issues that have formed the basis for intense political controversy among elites for substantial periods of time."

The two new books present evidence of a very substantial increase in ideological thinking and emphasis on issues. If this change persists—and certainly if issues and ideology continue to gain importance—the consequences for the American party system may be quite far-reaching; indeed, the two party system may not survive the strain. For what the greater salience of ideology

and issues has done is simultaneously to increase the potential for polarization *between* the Republican and Democratic parties, and, what is equally important, to intensify the fragmentation *within* each of the parties. The Republican party now has a right wing consisting of educated, well-to-do, issue-oriented, and often relatively young conservative ideologues. Their opposite numbers in the Democratic party are also educated, well-to-do, issue-oriented, and relatively young, but ideologically left of center. Each of these groups is at some distance from the centrist current in its party, and of course they are at a very considerable distance from one another.

To be sure, in this election year the centrists prevailed with Carter and Ford—in Ford's case, however, only after a brutal battle with his party's right wing. Yet the tendencies toward both polarization between and fragmentation within the two parties are not likely to vanish.

These polarized contingents put a severe but not necessarily unhealthy strain on the American two-party system. If one party responds to its more issue-oriented and ideological wing

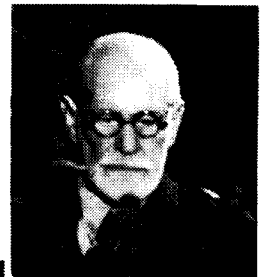
while the other remains near the center, the more ideological party is likely to be overwhelmed in the presidential election, as with Goldwater in 1964 and McGovern in 1972. If both parties respond primarily to the center, the voters on the flanks—who, so the two books suggest, have become substantial minorities in each party—are going to be discontented with both parties and pushed either into apathy or, as with McCarthy, into forming a new party. If both parties were to respond to voters on their ideological flanks, we should certainly be presented not with an echo, but a choice—yet a choice that centrists, who are still a preponderant majority, do not want. In this event, centrists would feel alienated from both parties; and it is all but certain that either they would soon recapture one or both parties, or else they would form a new centrist party.

Unfortunately, it would require far more space than allowed here to consider the question of the relative desirability of the American two party system under these conditions, and whether we need to start thinking seriously about the possibilities of a

A private visit to the office and home of Dr. Sigmund Freud

ENTER the newly discovered private world of one of this century's most influential minds. Through fifty-four stunning, page-size photographs by Edmund Engelman—most never before published—feel the texture of a varied, fascinating, historic life. Here is the memorable scene of Freud's work for forty years

before he fled Nazi-held Vienna, his consulting room where psychoanalysis was born, his library, his family, his extraordinary collection of archaeological objects and much more—in the year's unique gift book. With commentary by prize-winning Yale historian Peter Gay. \$25.00



BERGGASSE 19

Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938
The Photographs of Edmund Engelman
Introduction by Peter Gay



At bookstores

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022

genuine multi-party system. Whether such a change would be desirable, and if it were, how it might be brought about, are questions of extraordinary complexity. They form a subject on which Americans are with very few exceptions quite badly informed. An unchallengeable axiom among us holds that two-party systems are good and multi-party systems are bad. The fact is, however, that some countries that many of us would judge to be among the best governed, most progressive, most humane, and most harmonious, do have multi-party systems. These include all the Scandinavian countries, for example, not to mention the Netherlands and (if you want a case of acute stability) Switzerland.

For anyone who wants to think about alternatives, or to understand the American party system in a comparative setting, the place to begin is with Giovanni Sartori's superb new book, *Parties and Party Systems*, Vol. I (Cambridge Univ. Press; \$32.50; 10.95 paper). I do not have space here to do much more than call attention to it. This volume by Italy's most eminent political scientist (who moved permanently to Stanford this fall), will, in the long run, probably prove more important than the others I've mentioned. A quarter century ago, a French political scientist, Maurice Duverger, published *Les Partis Politiques*, which by setting forth a

general theory of parties managed to control much of the agenda for the analysis of party systems for a generation. Sartori's book will do the same for the next several decades. It is surely a book that every political scientist concerned with political parties will be reading, discussing and quarreling with for many years to come. In itself that might not be enough to recommend it here. But any reader who would like to know the best recent thought on political party systems can approach Sartori's book with confidence that the presentation is accessible. I do not mean to say that it is an easy book to read, for it takes for granted some theoretical and substantive understanding, that readers unfamiliar with scholarly treatments of this subject can hardly be expected to have. Fortunately, however, Sartori has

a clear and energetic style. I'd therefore urge anyone who is worried about the state of American parties, and would like an analysis that breaks out of the limits of American parochialism, to have a go at Sartori's book.

It may be that the Republicans, driven to unity by a common dislike of Democrats, will manage to re-unite their factions. That will not be easy. It may also be that the President-elect will manage to stitch together another Democratic coalition strong enough to last through the next decade or beyond. That, too, will not be easy. And if he does, so the books reviewed here suggest, the new coalition will have to be different from the old New Deal coalition that has survived these many years—less as a reality than as a dream of a Democratic golden age.

Robert A. Dahl is Sterling Professor of Political Science at Yale. His most recent book is *Regime & Oppositions* (Yale Univ. Press).

Alfred Kazin on Fiction

**"One of the
greatest things
that mortal
hand could do."**

—Vasari

The Farnese Hours

64 plates in four colors plus
gold 4½" x 7", slipcased. \$25.00
pre-Christmas; \$30.00 thereafter.

George Braziller, Inc.

One Park Avenue, New York 10016

Write to department NR for a complete catalog
of illuminated Manuscript facsimile editions.

Brian Moore, the Belfast-born novelist who migrated to Canada just in time but now writes from California, is one of my favorite novelists. I read him for the pleasure of his talent even when I do not know what he is up to—or am afraid that I know too well. *The Doctor's Wife* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux; \$8.95) is with the exception of the adulterous heroine in Paris an unexpected assemblage of clichés. The Belfast doctor is a heavy, and the young American lover is just a starry-eyed accomplice to the wife's sexual liberation. Brian Moore's humanity keeps the story fresh without being able to save it.

Admittedly, the book has the look of a potboiler. Dr. Kevin Redden is too busy in war-torn Belfast to join his wife Sheila in the south of France for a long-arranged return to the site of their honeymoon. In Paris Sheila falls in love with young Tom Lowry and they go off together. After many postponements, telephone calls and cables, the heavy husband eventually turns up in rage,

rapes his wife. The wife decides not to join the lover in America but to go it alone in London.

The fleeting picture of Belfast today—achieved largely by suggestion—in the wife's mind is marvellously distinct. The heaviness of the husband is brought out by the wife's obsessive images of the grimness and fatalism of Northern Ireland, the sound of ambulances and police sirens, his nightly addiction to the telly. Even the wife's newfound sexual excitement—isn't it wonderful how novelists of both sexes always emphasize female sexuality?—is made luminous and individual. The book does not hold up, but line by line it promises the triumph of Moore's talent and sympathy over a situation more ubiquitous now than it ever was in boudoir farce on the French stage.

John Updike's *Marry Me: A Romance* (Knopf; \$7.95) is an elaborate and ingenious working out to the last decimal of a strictly American situation. Jerry passionately makes love to another man's wife and is still in love with his own. The other man, Richard, has

something of the same problem. But despite Updike's many cunning variations on the American husband tied round and round by knots of his own "moral" devising, Jerry is the usual Updike husband, and his plight is the same. How to love oneself, the other woman, one's wife and "God" all at the same time.

Updike is by now a positive virtuoso at drawing every facet of personal style out of himself and every fantasy out of his characters. *I dwell in possibility*, sang the great maiden poet in Amherst. Too much possibility is trouble, especially when there is this American contradiction of love, sex and marriage conceived as separate elements. From the headlong love scene on the lovers' favorite beach with which the novel begins to the brilliantly alternating scenes of fantasy and reality with which Updike winds up poor Jerry's tortured yet plausible circumambience of himself and everyone else, Updike writes all this out at the top of his powers, his knowledge of American byways, and his tenderness for Jerry.

In its own way *Marry Me* is as original in its development as it is familiar in its situation. There is a felt insistence on the truthfulness of Jerry's confusion as well as on its pathos and humor. We are down to the bare bones of "personality" and "relationships." These are our fixtures, our themes, our American grammar. I wonder if people so overburdened with the world's goods ever felt so naked and exposed before. To show the burden of the nakedness itself is a great accomplishment.

Yet Updike subtitles his book "a romance." It is, at the end of many false turnings for Jerry, a love story finally. But in the course of carrying some immensely complicated suburban freight to a necessarily difficult conclusion, Updike again superimposes his own concern with God, death and Karl Barth on a cartoonist just not real enough to carry it. Even his much-mentioned "fear" is not real. The particular weakness of Updike's fiction is that he uses the same man over and over. Despite his playful intelligence and faith in his novelist's power of fantasy, he is unable to disguise this. Indeed, even women roughly of his own generation and professional circle are equally quite dim. It is the older men, like the father in *The Centaur* and the father in *Rabbit Redux*, who are in no danger of melting into Updike's one big situation: the marital tangle.

Where characters are indistinct, blur

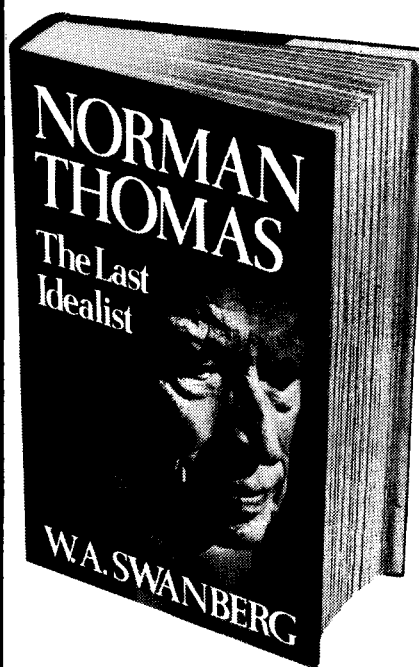
into each other, become essentially anonymous, we get an excess of style, of meditative fluency. Updike is always at his best in handling the social matter: cars, children, parties, the drinks, the kitchen talk late at night, the bitter sympathy between women rivals for the same man who equally mistrust him. There is all that American role playing, very real indeed when we are all in suburbia and find our only models in each other. But the *people* in this book are just not interesting.

So the contradiction between the momentum of the book (very brilliant indeed) and the characters being pushed along by it is a complication. One finds the same contradiction in a sporty but rather meretricious book, Paul Theroux's *The Family Arsenal* (Houghton Mifflin; \$8.95). Theroux, an American who lives in London, is writing here about terrorists, would-be terrorists and all sorts of mock revolutionists against the background of England in decay. He has worked up his material like a documentary journalist with more knowledge than empathy. The book is full of wild goings-on and hideously empty people who seem straight out of Graham Greene rather than Theroux's professed desire to carry on (a bit) with James' *The Princess Casamassima* and Conrad's *The Secret Agent*. At the center is the American, Hood, who as a US Government functionary in Vietnam was so turned off that he now divides his time in London between opium, murder and playing elder statesman to his "family" of teenage terrorists.

I didn't believe any of it; Theroux's style is so self-conscious and the English scene is worked up with such labor. But the book is certainly complicated, dense, ominous. *Why* is American fiction this complicated now, *why* does the style come on so portentously? My guess is that the human figure that dominates us is still that old American problem, the self-enclosed psyche. Strike through the mask! How can we get out of ourselves except by getting it all down? Freedom is on the other side of a completed manuscript!

But what if the central figure, as in Renata Adler's *Speedboat* (Random House; \$7.95) hardly exists at all except as style? *Speedboat* is prodigiously witty, learned in every department of American foolishness just now, and definitely fun. It is a marvellously attentive essay in the cultural pretentiousness of everything over-valued and over-priced, not forgetting our dreams.

"A heart-warming, provocative and exciting portrayal"* of the man who lost six Presidential elections, but became "the voice of America's conscience"



"Deeply moving . . . the story of a splendid man told simply and with a controlled affection."

—Irving Howe,
N.Y. Times Book Review

"The definitive biography of Thomas . . . W.A. Swanberg, the brilliant biographer . . . succeeds admirably in identifying the larger achievements of Thomas's extraordinary career."

—*Newsweek*

"Wholly admirable; thoughtful, full of insight, fair-minded—a superb performance on all counts."

—Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*

*Harry Fleischman

Photographs. \$14.95



SCRIBNERS

Some of the best pages in it deal with the misuse and misappropriation of language, with cultural dry-rot, with cultural faking. The book's great achievement is that Renata Adler has remained a tourist in the most familiar places. No one understands better the mystique necessary to devaluation. Or as another tourist, Gertrude Stein, put it: "Remarks are not literature."

But witty and necessary as *Speedboat*

is, I fail to understand in what sense it is a work of fiction. The "heroine," or the style, significantly moves from profession to profession, from one example to another of the fact that the emperor is still passing by without a stitch to his name. The movement from incongruity to total mystification is irresistible! But nowhere in the book did I see plain the anxiety that makes it necessary for the narrator to move on so fast.

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *Bright Book of Life: American Novelists & Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer* (Atlantic Monthly Press).

Lewis Coser on Social Thought

For roughly 20 years after the end of World War II, American sociology was dominated by a theoretical orientation variously called functional analysis or structural-functional theory. There were a number of other orientations, but these were minor eddies while the major stream of theorizing was dominated by functional theorists led by Talcott Parsons of Harvard and Robert K. Merton of Columbia, and a brilliant galaxy of their co-thinkers and former students. Though there existed sharp differences among these scholars, the basic tenets of the functional orientation implied a search for the objective consequences of given courses of action or given institutions for the wider social and cultural context in which they were variously embedded, and for other elements within that context. Typical questions asked were, e.g., what are the consequences of religious beliefs and practices on the integration of the social order? Or, what are the consequences of negative orientations toward mundane success on the rates of deviance of those barred from ladders to advancement? Concern with impact and consequences replaced the quest for causes. Moreover, growing awareness that the purposes and strivings of individuals may have wholly unanticipated consequences, led this type of analysis to direct attention to the objective structural determinants of human actions and to turn away from subjective factors. In addition, many,

though by no means all, of these thinkers stressed consensus and harmony in human society, and paid but scant attention to the clash of human contentions.

For the last 10 years or so, this mode of theorizing has increasingly come under attack from various quarters, and a number of rival orientations have come to the fore. While sociology seemed earlier on the way to develop a unified program of research under the aegis of a major paradigm, to use Thomas Kuhn's currently fashionable term, it seems now to have reverted to a multi-paradigm phase in which various orientations bloom side by side, and sometimes give the impression that sociology resembles a Tower of Babel rather than a coherent intellectual enterprise. Previously neglected topics, conflict, ideology, subjectivity, among others, have now come back with a vengeance.

Of the three books under review, two, Randall Collins' *Conflict Sociology* (Academic Press; \$22.50) and Alvin Gouldner's *The Dialectic of Ideology and Technology: The Origins, Grammar and Future of Ideology* (Seabury Press; \$14.95), exemplify new directions, while Edward Shils' *Center and Periphery: Essays in Macrosociology* (Univ. of Chicago Press; \$19.50), tries to keep alive the lost synthesis of the '50s.

Collins' work is the most ambitious of the three. He attempts no less than a complete reconstruction of sociological theory. Consigning functionalism to the dustbin of history, he wishes to erect the

framework of a new "conflict sociology" building on the work of Max Weber in sociology and on the utilitarian philosophy of Thomas Hobbes, with major assistance from a collection of authors ranging from Karl Marx to Erving Goffman. Reacting to what he considers undue reifications in the sociological approaches of his predecessors, he argues, and in this respect he voices the misgivings of many younger sociologists, that it is high time to bring back concern with "real people in real places" instead of the bloodless abstractions that have for too long dominated sociological discourse. He argues, in addition, that sociological theory must reject previous anchorage in notions such as consensus, equilibrium and the like, and is to be premised on the notion that "human beings are social but conflict-prone animals" who engage in conflict so as to maximize their interests, and are aware that "violent contention is always a potential resource, and [that] it is a zero-sum sort."

This organizing idea allows Collins to advance a series of propositions on class structures, on stratification by age and sex, on deference and demeanor, on the distribution of wealth, and on social mobility, for example, that are often highly illuminating and constitute effective counterarguments against those among the functional analysts who in their prepotent concerns with social order, harmony and integration have paid insufficient attentions to the uses of conflict, force and coercion in human affairs. But, as Kenneth Burke argued long ago, "a way of seeing is always a way of not seeing," and Collins' excessively rigid vision threatens to degenerate into a kind of pan-conflict imperialism. He attempts to paint a realistic picture of the human condition, warts and all, but often seems to end up with a portrait that is all warts. One may indeed applaud Collins' attack on current cant about companionate marriages and the alleged equality of the sexes in modern families, and his highlighting continued exploitation of women by men, and yet remain unconvinced when he seems to argue that men and women, as well as parents and children, are natural enemies. His consistently bleak future of the human conditions, in the last analysis, carries as little conviction as the Panglossian view that underlies much of Talcott Parson's vision of the world.

For many years Alvin Gouldner has represented a radical variant of func-

tional analysis. More recently, in his widely discussed *The Coming Crisis of Sociology*, he was moved to a full-scale attack on what he saw as the major "domain assumptions" of American sociology, functional and otherwise. His next book, *For Sociology*, was argued in a similarly angry voice but in somewhat more muted tones. His new work, *The Dialectic of Ideology and Technology*, attempts to sketch out some of the elements of his own position without the polemical fireworks that marked his writings in recent years. In this work, Gouldner attempts to rescue the notion of ideology from the assaults it has suffered at the hand of such contemporary theorists as Raymond Aron, Daniel Bell and Seymour M. Lipset. Far from being a pathological excrescence of human thought, a "non-rational" obstacle to civilized and rational discourse, he argues, ideology is in fact an indispensable means of clearing the path for human advancement. "Ideologies assemble scarce energies for focused concentrated discharge in the public sphere." They are secularized and rational belief-systems guiding the conduct of human actors in their quest for a better society. Far from being contemptuous of rational discourse, ideologists assume that words matter, and aim to harness them to the practice of action. Ideologies so understood need not to be seen as enemies of "value-free" scientific discourse but rather as its indispensable complement.

Though at pains to point out the many deficiencies and drawbacks of ideological politics, Gouldner yet wishes to vindicate it against its detractors. But he is also aware that the "end of ideology" enthusiasts are not ideology's most dangerous enemies. The latter are to be found in the growth of technocracy in modern society. Relying heavily on Juergen Habermas and other continental thinkers, Gouldner contends that the goals of the ideologist are currently in retreat before the means-oriented technocrats who, far from attacking ideology, consider it irrelevant. The debate between technicians and ideologists in the universities and elsewhere threatens to "become the mechanisms by which technocrats either neutralize or coopt the ideologies."

Gouldner proposes two cheers for ideology, yet there seems a deep flaw in his argument. The ideologies he discusses, nationalism, liberalism, socialism, and above all Marxism, may indeed be understood as rational struc-

tures of ideas energizing men and women in their quest for a better world. But what about such monstrous and murderous ideologies as nazism, fascism, and Stalinism, which have disfigured the 20th century. These, alas, are hardly discussed here so that the author's overview of the impact of ideologies is severely truncated. This is why he doesn't ever manage to engage the end-of-ideology theorists in a meaningful dialogue. While they react above all to 20th century monstrosities, he rests content with vindicating ideologies with which these authors have not much of a quarrel. His book is

indeed a much needed corrective to the technocratic visions of Daniel Bell and his co-thinkers, but Gouldner has missed the opportunity to attack his antagonists head-on.

With Edward Shils' collection of essays, written over several decades and gathered in his *Center and Periphery*, one enters a wholly different mental universe. While the first two authors are located on the left end of the spectrum of ideas (even though Collins disclaims any ideological commitments), Shils' thought is rooted in sets of ideas that are usually found right of center. Many essays in this collection deal with sacred

**"Frank's massive enterprise
should become *the* book
in English on Dostoevsky."**

—René Wellek, Yale University

DOSTOEVSKY

The Seeds of Revolt, 1821-1849

by JOSEPH FRANK

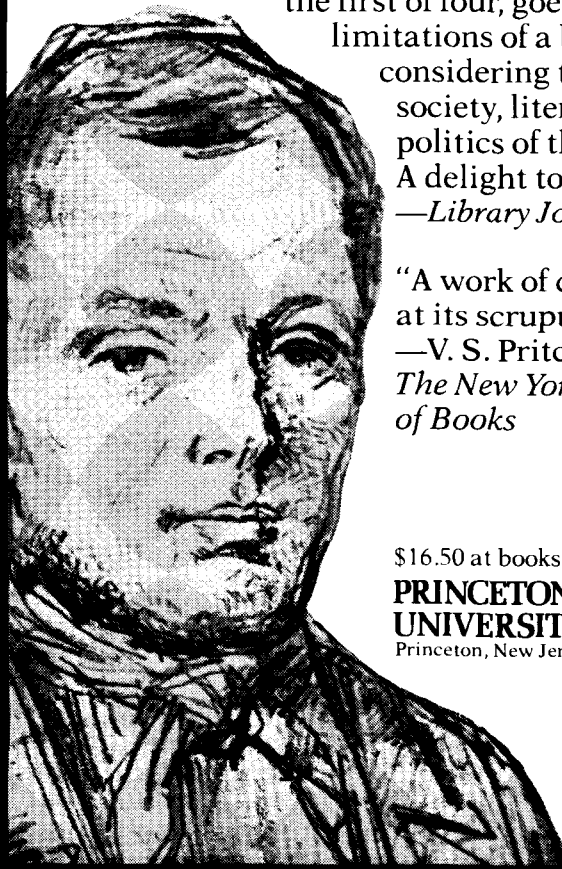
"A colossal work: well documented,
well written and well organized. This volume,
the first of four, goes beyond the
limitations of a biography in

considering the culture,
society, literature, and
politics of the period.
A delight to read."

—*Library Journal*

"A work of detection
at its scrupulous best."

—V. S. Pritchett,
*The New York Review
of Books*



Dostoevsky in 1847

\$16.50 at bookstores or direct from

**PRINCETON
UNIVERSITY PRESS**

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

and primordial ties, with deference, consensus, ritual and tradition, and all are concerned in one way or another with the forces that bind a society together and ensure its integration. One hesitates to consider Shils a conservative because he does not seek legitimacy in the odor and tokens of pre-industrial societies; he resolutely defends contemporary mass societies against attacks by such thinkers as C. Wright Mills on the left and T.S. Eliot on the right. Yet he is surely centrally concerned, at times obsessed, with the necessity of shoring up the Western social order against its enemies within and without. As a consequence, this volume has none of the critical bite that distinguish contributions from the radical left such as Gouldner's or from genuine conservatives such as Robert Nisbet. Even though Shils is worried about certain modern trends such as the increasing restrictions on the privacy of the citizen, he is more concerned with celebrating the status quo than with analyzing its precarious foundations.

Paying primary attention to the forces that make for consensus, Shils makes a useful distinction between what he terms center and periphery. The center, so he argues, is not so much a spatially located phenomenon but rather it is the locus of the order of symbols, of values and beliefs which govern society. "The central zone partakes of the nature of the sacred." The elite groups dominating the center impose their vision of the centrality of core values on a periphery of ordinary men and women who are themselves incapable of partaking in the higher reaches of the symbolic order. Hence, when the center does not hold, when the periphery is no longer receptive to the core values, beliefs and tradition, when charisma dries up, and disenchantment spreads widely, societies decline. The periphery may be very remote from the center of the elite, as in medieval societies, or it may have closer contact with it, as in modern mass societies, but when the periphery dominates the center, anarchy is loosed upon the world and culture perishes.

There is surely a certain grandeur in Shils' vision, and his thought is grounded in a noble line of sociological theorizing that goes from Durkheim and Weber to Parsons and Clifford Geertz about the centrality of the sacred in human affairs, yet the high level of generality, the abstract quality of most of the essays, his failure to come to grips, or even to mention, central features and forces that determine the modern

predicament, detract from its value. Four major essays in this volume discuss the new nations of Asia and Africa and their failure to live up to the expectations of theorists of modernization. None of them even mention multinational corporations or the drift of the world market for raw materials. This, I

submit, is an abuse of the privilege of selective attention. While the first two authors may sometimes err in overstressing the part played by conflict in society, Shils' infatuation with integration and consensus runs the danger of presenting a bowdlerized version of human affairs.

Lewis Coser, a former president of the American Sociological Association, is Distinguished Professor of Sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. His most recent book was *Greedy Institutions* (The Free Press).

Robin W. Winks on Mysteries

This has been a good year for detection fiction, marred only by two presidential candidates who disproved Heywood Broun's assertion that "In the march up to the heights of fame there comes a spot close to the summit in which man reads 'nothing but detective stories.'" Whatever constituencies Ford and Carter drew upon, they failed the John Kennedy test badly, and the campaign wasn't really saved by the discovery that Henry Kissinger packs a murder mystery with his pajamas when he goes travelling. But in every other way, it was a year in which, with Peter Pan, the mystery fan could "Go straight on to morning."

It was a year of loss, too, for in the last 12 months or so two of the giants and three only slightly lesser figures were taken from us. Agatha Christie gave her millions of readers two final books, published posthumously as intended, and in one—*Curtain* (Dodd, Mead; \$7.95)—found the perfect way to kill off her principal creation, Hercule Poirot, so as not to be plagued as Doyle was with demands that the *beau yeux* be brought back. She also capped her career by breaking the seventh of Ronald Knox's old (1929!) Detective Story Decalogue, having broken all the others happily over the years. Critics were kind to *Curtain*, for it was in fact a rather wooden piece of writing, forecast its solution by mid-passage, and dealt with cardboard characters. The same, if less obviously so, was true of the final work of another giant, Rex Stout, who in *A Family Affair* (Viking; \$5.95) in 1975 gave the story away with his title; still,

Archie Goodwin was nearly as clever as ever and New York brownstones will not see the likes of Nero Wolfe again.

Appearing closely together, and with so much in common, *Curtain* and *A Family Affair* led a certain number of commentators to conclude that both Christie and Stout ended their lives feeling that the world was going to hell in a handcart and that even our most sacred institutions were now vulnerable. The question, "Who is there left to trust?," which pervaded the reviews was in keeping with the year's political campaign, but those reviews were a bit off base, since Christie had written her book some years before and Stout had already written a far more scorching indictment of the presumed sinless in *The Doorbell Rang*, which was about the FBI. On the assumption that nearly everyone who is going to read *Curtain* and *A Family Affair* has already done so, I can fairly make the point that having the (or a) detective in each case turn out to be the murderer probably tells us more about two professionals who wanted to try something new in their craft than it tells us about their angst for the age.

Francis Clifford also died, and early in the year his last book, *Drummer in the Dark* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$7.95), carried the author into a revolutionary terrorist group in England. *Drummer* was not really very good, but in it one could find many passages that reminded one of the compassion and irony that marked Clifford's best work. Often compared to Graham Greene, Clifford (in *The Naked Runner*, *All Men are Lonely Now*, *Grosvenor Square Goodbye*, and *Amigo*,

Amigo) had carved out a distinctive niche for himself in examining the man of little courage who finds the strength to do great things, and if he was not one of "the top five post World War II suspense fiction writers," as one reviewer had it (these kinds of judgments smack of C.P. Snow and the corridors of power, as the narrator looks down the hall to proclaim "here comes the third most powerful man in Britain"), he was at his best very good indeed.

Death also overtook Per Wahlöö and, thus, Martin Beck. Writing with Maj Sjöwall, this Swedish team had slowly built Beck into a credible figure, ulcer, incompatible wife and idiosyncratic assistants all parts of an almost pointillist approach to the classic detective story, in which there was always a genuine mystery to be solved. It may be that *The Terrorists* (Pantheon; \$7.95) was to have been the last in the series, for here is a book that truly does conclude that the handcart is hurtling downhill. Sjöwall and Wahlöö have obviously been increasingly disenchanted with a Sweden they see becoming ever more inhuman, over-bureaucratized, and remote. By weaving likable, realistic characters throughout their 10 books, each implanted with reminders of those that went before, this husband and wife team were uniquely successful in setting the humanity of the individual off against the forces of even the best-intentioned State, and as Wahlöö showed in novels written independently of the Beck series, the individual invariably lost.

Nicolas Freeling often captured the same feeling, of a smothering bourgeois conformity and a creeping bureaucracy, for Holland rather than Sweden, and with his Inspector Van der Valk. Two years ago Freeling also did the unthinkable and killed Van der Valk, in *Auprès de ma Blonde*, in the kind of performance one cannot repeat, and virtually everyone who had persisted through the Van der Valk books cried out to have the introspective humanist brought back. But Van der Valk is dead for good, Freeling has now told us, by writing *The Bugles Blowing* (Harper & Row; \$6.95), and showing that he can get along quite well without him. And thus in the last 18 months, we have lost Poirot, Miss Marple, Martin Beck, Van der Valk, and all those running men of Francis Clifford.

One expects death to be the trend, and there is no news here. There were other trends during the year that intensified

those already detectable earlier in the 1970's. Four of these are worth remarking upon.

This has been the year of nostalgia, and also of scholarship. The two feed upon each other all too often, but there were some notable instances of the two roads diverging. The nostalgia path was marked by two good anthologies that carried us back to the age of the pulps, Peter Haining's *The Fantastic Pulp*s (Vintage; \$2.95) and Herbert Ruhm's *The Hard-Boiled Detective: Stories from Black Mask Magazine* (Random House; \$2.45), officially heralding in 1977. Penguin Books rediscovered John Franklin Bardin, of the 1940s, in an *Omnibus* (\$2.95) with an introduction by their crime fiction editor, Julian Symons; and they began reprinting E. W. Hornung's *Raffles* (\$1.95) books, to carry us back to the age of snobbery with violence. Joe Gores' 1975 *Hammett* appeared in paper (Ballantine; \$1.95) and immediately began to reach the broader audience it deserves. Most important, perhaps, was the publication throughout the last six months of the year of *Fifty Classics of Crime Fiction* (Garland; \$12 the volume, \$550 the set), selected by Jacques Barzun and Wendell

Hertig Taylor, the authors of that quirky and indispensable *Catalogue of Crime*.

This project moved us toward scholarship as well, since Barzun and Taylor have supplied short, informative prefaces to each of the fifty volumes. Limiting their selection to the years 1900 to 1950, Barzun and Taylor provide some surprises—Gerald Bullett, *The Jury*; Erle Stanley Gardner, *The Case of the Crooked Candle*—and some obvious choices (*The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, *The Innocence of Father Brown*). On the whole they have performed a task of selection remarkably well. There terminal date forces them to choose an inferior Ross Macdonald (*The Drowning Pool*, squeaking in as a 1950 publication), and their decision to limit themselves to American and British writers will strike some readers as a bit parochial, but taken collectively the Garland Library of Detective Fiction (to give it a name not used in the useful catalogue that accompanies the volumes) would be an ideal Christmas gift for the beginning or intermediate reader of the genre, and for all college libraries that want a minimum of representative works. If the scholarship in the prefaces is rather

Garland Publishing, Inc.

545 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022 • 212-955-1571

SPECIAL
PRE-PUBLICATION
OFFER
First Crime—First Signed

SIGNED LIMITED EDITION!

Fifty Classics of Crime Fiction, 1900-1950

A Book of Prefaces

Jacques Barzun & Wendell H. Taylor

ISBN 0-8240-2425-7 LC 76-26751

120 pages \$15 Signed edition \$30

To be published: January 15, 1977

Garland Publishing recently asked the authors of the established critical survey of the mystery genre, *A Catalogue of Crime*, to select for reprinting fifty volumes that qualified for the label "classic" and to provide a critical introduction to each volume. On reading through the fifty prefaces it became clear that together they constituted both an overview of the genre in the first half of this century and a handbook of general principles with which to approach the genre as a whole. With this in mind it was decided that it would be appropriate to publish the prefaces as an independent volume.

Among the writers discussed here are Margery Allingham, Raymond Chandler, G.K. Chesterton, Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Michael Innes, Ross Macdonald, Dorothy L. Sayers, and Rex Stout. Each preface points out what special merits qualify each book for the designation "classic." By noticing the indicated points, the amateur of the genre can if he wishes turn into an expert, thus enhancing his pleasure and strengthening his judgment against the dull or imitative works.

Published only in a special limited edition of 250 copies,
fifty of which are signed by the authors. Reserve your copy now!

Order Form

Please reserve _____ copies of *A Book of Prefaces*

☐ Regular volume @ \$15

☐ Signed volume @ \$30

Name _____

Address _____

Zip Code _____

RETURN TO:

Garland Publishing, Inc.

545 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022 • 212-955-1571

slim, Barzun and Taylor can rightly claim to have performed their principal task in the act of selection.

This has been the year when the academies have thoroughly and sometimes boringly discovered detective fiction, so that complaints of slight scholarship look unlikely in the future. As part of the popular culture movement within American Studies, the *Journal of Popular Culture*, Bowling Green State University, and Matthew Broccoli at the University of South Carolina, have already been burrowing away effectively with *explication de texte*, and bibliographies, and biographies of mid-cult writers. *The Armchair Detective*, a quarterly journal that Allen J. Hubin put out singlehandedly from his house in White Bear Lake, Minnesota, has made the great leap from mimeography to print (with unjustified margins) and now appears in university libraries; and even the University of Toronto teaches about detective fiction.

Still, the image of hundreds of academics meeting in Chicago (as they did in April) to talk the detective story to death is not an encouraging one. Too often critics turn to mass culture in order to find support for a pet theory, and the "less meaning an author has wrapped around his story, the more room for the reader or critic to decorate the story with whatever gladdens his eye." This was George Stade writing in the *Columbia Forum* in 1970, and his fear that we would all find "Durkheim in Dagwood, . . . Heidegger in thrillers," has proved unhappily prescient. Still, there have been some good books this year and they may have helped stave off the bad. Ian Ousby, in *Bloodhounds of Heaven* (Harvard; \$10), writes well and without straining his thesis, in discussing "the detective in English fiction from Godwin to Doyle." Gavin Lambert, in *The Dangerous Edge* (Grossman/Viking; \$7.95), did strain at times in his investigation into why Wilkie Collins, Doyle, Chesterton, Buchan, Ambler, Greene, Simenon, Chandler and Hitchcock wrote as they did, and he rides the notion of the childhood wound, which made each of these men (why no women?) spend their lives exploring uncertainty, rather hard. Still, the chapters on Ambler, Chesterton and Simenon are the best that have been written on those three seemingly dissimilar authors.

Perhaps most awaited was John G. Cawelti's *Adventure, Mystery, and Romance* (Univ. of Chicago; \$15), for Professor Cawelti was one of the

earliest of academic scholars to take Horatio Alger, Zane Grey, and Mickey Spillane seriously. Here he develops a series of definitions of "formula stories" and then examines the function of such stories in a popular democracy. Taken as a whole, the book strikes me as not always clear; read in parts, it is frequently illuminating and even exciting in the best sense of the word. That formula stories appeal to our childish sense, because of their repetition (as in an adult world of the Pie and the Patty-Pan), is well argued, and the thesis that such writing actually helps "maintain a culture's ongoing consensus about the nature of reality and morality" is sustained within the rather restricted set of authors with whom Cawelti chooses to deal. Still, scholars like Cawelti, and Ousby, and Fred Erisman (who has not yet given us a book, but some sensible articles on Donald Hamilton and Len Deighton) do show that one need not destroy the literature while examining it.

Nonetheless, Cawelti's categories do not fit well with the most obvious trends of the moment: the trend toward reading detective fiction that has been generated outside the basic British-American-French evolution; and the trend toward the totally amoral spy thriller. Sjöwall and Wahlöö provided the breakthrough; now other Scandinavian writers, in particular, are demanding out attention. Two, Poul Orum and Torben Nielsen, are Danish, and their respective debuts here—*Nothing but the Truth* (Pantheon; \$7.95) and *An Unsuccessful Man* (Harper & Row; \$6.95)—promise well for the future. A Dutch writer, Janwillem van de Wetering, came on strong in 1976 with two books, *Tumbleweed* (Houghton Mifflin; \$6.95) and *The Corpse on the Dike* (Houghton Mifflin; \$6.95). The time may be coming when we will not view such books written by non-Western writers as curiosities. On my shelf next to Ivo Muscat-Azzopardi's *Who Drinks Nile Water*, published in Gozo and introducing Bendu Muskat, "the Maltese Detective", is a copy of Kolo Omotoso's *Fella's Choice*, a spy story from Benin City in Nigeria that pits a Nigerian against white South Africans. Next to it is Julian Semyonov's *Petrovka 38*, billed as "the first thriller out of Russia." Obviously there is something catching about all this.

The year has brought new books by

Harry Kemelman—*Wednesday the Rabbi Got Wet* (Morrow; \$8.95)—Len Deighton—*Catch a Falling Spy* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$7.95)—Donald Hamilton—*The Retaliators* (Fawcett; \$1.50)—and Margaret Millar—*Ask for Me Tomorrow* (Random House; \$6.95)—which are very good. It has brought the many books mentioned here during the year. But two stand out as, finally, symbolic of the year and of the most obvious trend: Adam Hall's *The Kobra Manifesto* (Doubleday; \$7.95) and Lionel Davidson's *The Sun Chemist* (Knopf; \$7.95). Hall's series figure Quiller is a thinking machine, amoral, always playing for the advantage, ever aware that he is one day to die in a back alley. The writing is almost a parody of the frenzied, all-action, world of the pulps. Yet here, and in last year's *The Mandarin Cypher* (which takes Quiller to Hong Kong, and which is possibly the very best book of its kind), we see a genuine culture hero emerging, a man who personifies a confused world's desire to get back to the basics, to survival at the most rudimentary, even alimentary, level, combined with an incredible grasp of the complexities of every man-made machine there is; in short, the mythic machine man who has potential mastery over all that may challenge him.

Against this sets Lionel Davidson's beguiling, amusing, human approach to science and the machine, from his effective earlier books *Night of Wenceslas* and *The Rose of Tibet* to his present investigation of how Chaim Weizmann, the "father of Israel," may through experiments with sweet potatoes have found a solution to the problem of an alternative supply of energy that would make the West independent of Arab oil. Here the realities of the Israeli-Arab conflict, of research in England and life in Terre Haute, Indiana, are merged into a stunning statement about how no man is a machine, above others and able to master all; rather, life continues to be a close race between all history simply being one damn thing after another, and some few people, by intuition, imagination, or just plain hard work, giving it some form and coherence that is meaningful in purely human, non-technological, terms. The tension between these two books, reflecting the tension in our lives, might well be pondered by those two presidential candidates who had neither time nor inclination to read detective stories.

Robin Winks, professor of history at Yale, writes regularly on mysteries for *The New Republic*.

Harold Adams on Literary Criticism

Last year at this time in these pages, Professor J. Hillis Miller told us that Yale University was the great omphalos or North American navel of contemporary criticism. It is from there, he seemed to be saying, that the latest trend from the continent passes through the needle's eye and spreads itself toward the provinces of America. Whether the creature that springs forth is rough beast, terrible beauty, or the proverbial camel, perhaps we shall know in time. But not yet. In 1976, Yale is relatively silent. There is another book by Harold Bloom—another in what is becoming a long and repetitious line in his effort to convince us that writers suffer from the anxiety of influence and deliberately misinterpret their strong predecessors. This theory, re-expounded in the volume *Poetry and Repression* (Yale Univ. Press; \$11.95), involves the breakdown of a traditional Anglo-American distinction between criticism and poetry. In this respect it is connected to the contemporary continental reduction of all such verbal activity to *écriture*. So Bloom claims that not only the poets he studies misinterpret their predecessors but, as engaged in fundamentally the same game, he also misinterprets them! He identifies himself with his subjects and gives them no privilege, or rather bestows the same privilege upon himself. This either represents a very profound shift in the culture's perception of the critic (and the poet!)—the critic now competes with poets—or it is a fearful decadence, Bloom's work representing the influence of anxiety in an anxious profession.

In whatever case, this chummy or competitive attitude toward previous texts has recently given rise to some curiously constructed books of interpretation, for example, John T. Irwin's *Doubling and Incest/Repetition and Revenge* (Johns Hopkins Univ. Press; \$8.95) a structuralist study complete with slashmark, the introduction to which tells us perversely that Faulkner is linked to Freud and Nietzsche by a "chain of denied influence," and in a horrible sentence of the sort even Faulkner would not write, declares that the form of the book to follow will hold

everything in suspension till the end. This attempt at imitative form, or rather, to place one's own interpretation in a hermeneutic line of *écriture*, could be regarded as a coy effort of the academic critic to become what he beholds. I am tempted to say that it represents a cultural lag from the late '60s, when professors began to dress like (rich) hippies. In fact, it is part of a continental trend, though I myself believe that Bloom's work does not really derive its spirit from the continent. I am disturbed to see it threatening to evolve into a parody of itself, the evolution of a small truth into a horrifying monster of critical perversity—rough beast indeed.

The fact is that both structuralist and phenomenological criticism from the continent attempt in their own ways to destroy the distinction between poetry and criticism. On the structuralist side all is merely writing, and the norm of writing is what most of us would call logical discourse according to a

mathematical model. On the phenomenological side (the line of Heidegger and Gadamer) the model is poetry. In either case, there is an endless regress of interpretations from a lost original text. Among books of the year that represent or are concerned with this tradition, the biggest is Edward Said's *Beginnings* (Basic Books; \$15.95), which true to its mode explains that it will exhibit a curious form. It does. Byron said there was nothing more difficult than a beginning—unless it be a middle or an end. Said's book continually begins as it meditates on the difference between an origin and an author's beginning, and studies the combination of the already familiar with the "fertile novelty of human work in languages." The subject is no longer that mystifying fiction "literature." It is "texts," and the texts may be of any sort, though it is not surprising that Freud and Nietzsche are prominent, as they seem to be *de rigueur* at this time. Said's work has much of interest in it, but it also seems to me self-indulgently written in the present fashion.

The new continental modes have faced from the beginning in America the resistance of a critical tradition, apparently unheard of in France, created

Gore Vidal:

"The most remarkable book on the human arrangement since de Rougemont's 'Love in the Western World.'"

Friends and Lovers

by Robert Brain

An invitation to go beyond sex to discover and explore the rich world of friendship. "Altogether magnificent... a pleasure to read."

—Colin M. Turnbull. "Speaks volumes about our loneliness, and opens our eyes to an astonishing variety of human alliances."

—Publishers Weekly

\$10.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022



LET HIM GROW WITH A QUESTAR

A child's wonder at the world about him can hold a promise, for many a scientist can remember that his present preoccupation with the universe began with an intense curiosity early in life.

Such a child will learn to master many tools, and the telescope, that prime tool of science, should be the first. A flawless tool is an extension of the mind and hand, and a fine telescope should combine such mechanical and optical perfection that it can serve for a lifetime and never become a frustration whatever the critical job at hand. Questar, the very finest, is such a tool and its lovely versatility adds an extra dimension to many fields: astronomy, of course, but also to disciplines that are terrestrial in nature. Whether it will be used for research, or simply for the pure enjoyment of observing wildlife, even indoors, perhaps, where its high powers can focus on the web-spinning of a house spider at a distance of ten feet, it is a gift for ever. And its easy portability can take it wherever one travels.

What other tool could you buy a child that not only would enchant and amuse him in his early awakening, but would continue to serve him all his life?

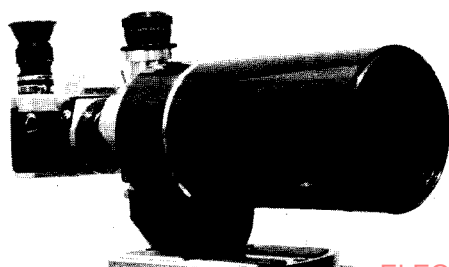
© Questar Corporation 1976

QUESTAR, THE WORLD'S FINEST, MOST VERSATILE TELESCOPE, IS PRICED FROM \$865. SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET IN FULL COLOR WITH 150 PHOTOGRAPHS BY QUESTAR OWNERS. \$1 COVERS MAILING ON THIS CONTINENT; BY AIR, TO SOUTH AMERICA, \$3.00; EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA, \$3.50; ELSEWHERE, \$4.

QUESTAR

Box NEWG, New Hope, Pa. 18938

The Standard Questar with its beautiful star chart is shown above. Below, the Field Model, with Olympus camera attached, is tripod mounted.



by the astonishingly successful New Criticism. It, of course, revolutionized the teaching of literary texts during the '40s. Now, after breakthroughs by the followers of the structuralists and phenomenologists, we may be observing the first phases of intelligent assimilation and antithetical criticism of these newer movements. For years in this country Murray Krieger has been perhaps the most trenchant commentator on critical trends while at the same time developing a critical theory of his own. His *Theory of Criticism: A Tradition and Its System* (Johns Hopkins; \$12.95) is the most ambitious undertaking of the year in theory. Krieger is unashamedly neo-Kantian and Coleridgean and values the New Critics, who were his teachers. He holds to a distinction between poetry and other discourse, eschews the "decentering" impulse of the French philosopher Jacques Derrida, at least where poetry is concerned, and yet finds in Derrida a useful contrary to his own stance. Krieger's book deals with a whole range of contemporary issues and ends in a clash with Derrida in which, as in Yeats' dance plays, the swords never quite touch, the duel being as much dance as battle.

Fully aware of the continent, more specialized in its interest, is E. D. Hirsch, Jr.'s *The Aims of Interpretation* (Univ. of Chicago Press; \$10), which continues the work of his earlier *Validity in Interpretation*. Hirsch puts himself in the tradition of continental hermeneutics traceable back to Schleiermacher through Boeckh, Dilthey, Heidegger and Gadamer; but his own impulse is to return to Schleiermacher before the time when things began to go wrong (that is, became subjective) and reestablish the line in contrast to the deviations of the recent phenomenologist. Hirsch is, in fact, an old-fashioned American positivist. Though he refuses, like the structuralists, to make any distinction between literature and other modes of discourse, he quarrels with what he regards as the structuralists' claim that no interpretation can be a valid interpretation. In this he seems to be the absolute antithesis of Bloom, who holds for the inevitability and even desirability of misreading. The books of Krieger and Hirsch, very different in their premises, represent a stirring of informed response to the continental movements; we can expect more such activity. Beyond these works, it has not been a particularly exciting year theoretically, probably because like every other

fashion these days, the continental has been rapidly gulped down in several quarters, and digestion with a little bicarbonate is in order.

Each year, nevertheless, produces a spate of books of critical readings, collections of essays, and works devoted to specific genres. Among those on single writers this year, the most impressive are Elisabeth Schneider's *T. S. Eliot: The Pattern in the Carpet* (Univ. of California Press; \$10) which, thank heaven, does not circle some still point of nothingness but has a beginning and recognizable end as it declares for a clear, chartable development in Eliot's poetry; Rod Townley's *The Early Poetry of William Carlos Williams* (Cornell Univ. Press; \$11.50), a sensible study of the strengths and weaknesses of the poet's early, lesser known work; Donald Davie's brief, readable *Ezra Pound* (Viking; \$6.95); and Stephen Yenser's *Circle to Circle: The Poetry of Robert Lowell* (Univ. of California; \$14.95; 2.50 paper) a little heavier than the others, a close reading in the old style. To these should be added Donald R. Howard's *The Idea of the Canterbury Tales* (Univ. of California; \$15), a comprehensive study of the tales as "unfinished but complete." It must be almost impossible to write on Chaucer without stirring up a hornet's nest of academic controversy, and Howard may have done so with a number of general speculations.

Among works of criticism devoted to genres, Norman Friedman's *Form and Meaning in Fiction* (Univ. of Georgia Press; \$14) must look, to those who have been reading the Derrideans, almost a throwback. Indeed, it is a somewhat belated culmination of the line of criticism begun some decades ago by the Chicago neo-Aristotelians. A less theoretically committed book, as are so many British books of its sort, is Allan Rodway's *English Comedy* (Univ. of California; \$12.50) which surveys the whole subject from the beginnings and exhibits considerable verve on what ought to be a lively subject. Lively also is C.N. Manlove's *Modern Fantasy* (Cambridge Univ. Press; \$18.95), which does a nice job on C.S. Lewis, Tolkien, Peake and others. By far the most significant book of the year devoted to genres is Northrop Frye's *Secular Scripture* (Harvard Univ. Press; \$18.95), a study of romance, which Frye almost 20 years ago did so much to renew interest in. Frye is certainly the most entertaining writer of criticism that we have. In the past he has been quite unjustly accused of paying no attention to social issues.

Here he explicitly concerns himself with myth as a cultural structure.

Collections of essays have come this year from Frederick Crews, the psychoanalytic critic (*Out of My System*, Oxford Univ. Press; \$10) who engages in dialogues with his own predispositions, and Steven Marcus (*Representations*, Random House; \$12.95), who has put together from a variety of places essays written at a variety of levels.

Beyond these works, I should like to mention three that do three quite different things: First, E. S. Shaffer's '*Kubla Khan*' and *the Fall of Jerusalem* (Cambridge Univ. Press; \$25), which is concerned with the relation of secular literature of the 19th century to biblical criticism. Though this book is somewhat meandering and presses writers into its mold, it is a valuable work in revealing an area of interpretation that has been ignored for too long by theorists. Second, Lawrence L. Langer's *The*

Holocaust and the Literary Imagination (Yale Univ. Press; \$12.50), which concerns itself with the "literature of atrocity" that came out of World War II and quarrels convincingly with George Steiner's remark that the only appropriate response to such horror is silence. Third, Richard Holmes' biography, *Shelley: The Pursuit* (Dutton; \$17.95), a wonderful achievement, important for criticism.

Finally, W. K. Wimsatt of Yale University, long associated with the old New Criticism, and the posthumous publication of his collection of essays *Day of the Leopards* (Yale Univ. Press; \$12.50). I never met Wimsatt, and I have reservations about his particular brand of epistemological realism. But in reading his essays, I found that I was paying attention, perhaps because, like Yeats' Michael Robartes, he was prepared to tell us about "the terror that is to come" or is already here, and to defend poetry with all the weapons he had.

Hazard Adams is professor of English and co-director of the School of Criticism and Theory at the University of California, Irvine. He has recently published *The Academic Tribes* (Liveright).

ink offer us a charming pastoral setting through which pigs, piglets, an old motor car, a caravan and a train leads us to many surprises and, of course, a happy ending. The illustrations reflect the fine tradition of English landscape painting.

Sleepy Ronald, written by Jack Gangots, illustrated by Nicole Rubel (Houghton Mifflin; \$6.95). "Ronald was the most wide awake rabbit in his neighborhood. He was always on the go." But one morning a strange and powerful sleepiness descended upon him, and he fell asleep while brushing his teeth. Nothing helped. His friends put him on roller skates, tickled him, and gave him a cold bath (in a wonderful bathroom scene). The illustrations, bursting with bright colors and shapes, are appropriately zany.

Nightmares (Poems To Trouble Your Sleep) written by Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by Arnold Lobel (Greenwillow Books; \$6.95). This collection of brilliant, scary poems and drawings of haunted houses, trolls, witches, wizards and ghouls will thrill many a brave child. Take "The Witch":

She hurtles by, she sweeps the sky



The Consciousness Reformation Robert Wuthnow

Have recent changes in American social patterns been trivial or profound? Why are there so many new religious movements? Wuthnow skillfully integrates theory and evidence and finds that a gradual but important cultural shift is taking place. This change—which he identifies as the "consciousness reformation"—has affected our basic conceptions of ourselves and the meanings we ascribe to our worlds.

319 pages, \$12.50
At bookstores



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY 94720

Ezra Jack Keats on Children's Books

Well illustrated, well conceived and designed books are happily appearing this year in the face of soaring production costs. I've selected a dozen to recommend for Christmas. Of course, there are many more. Somehow, the books that came most to my attention this year were those which were either fantasies, or had some elements of fantasy or magic. Many of these are examples of a totally well conceived book; others came close. They're all good, to look at and, in turn, enchanting, scary or fun:

The Church Mice Spread Their Wings, written and illustrated by Graham Oakley (Atheneum; \$7.95). Humphrey, the schoolmouse, declares to a host of magnificently illustrated fellow mice that "we have become victims of the Rat Race." They gather together and decide that weekends in the country under the protection of Sampson, a church cat who has taken a solemn vow "never to harm mice" would be an excellent solution. What starts out as a simple venture

turns into a veritable Odyssey. It all takes place within the neighborhood of the church. But at one point in their confusing travels Humphrey shouts, "Ahoy there, my man, is this England?" The man shouts back "something rather rude, but in a very British manner," so they knew they were safely home at last.

Cats and Dolls, written and illustrated by Margrite Huymans (Addison-Wesley; \$5.95). A gentle story by a Dutch author and illustrator. The story of Gretel unfolds at an engaging and unhurried pace. Gretel has been invited to come to Aunt Ada's house to feed her two cats and "tidy up my dolls." What mischievous dolls they are! The cats and dolls frolic about while poor, earnest Gretel tries to fulfill her duties. Illustrated with charm, delicacy and taste.

Paddy Pork's Holiday, written and illustrated by John S. Goodall (Atheneum; \$4.95). John S. Goodall again presents us with a lovely, wordless book, which traces the adventures and vicissitudes of Paddy Pig hitchhiking through the English countryside. The illustrations in water color and pen and

*and hurls a piercing screech.
As she swoops past, a spell is cast
on all her curses reach.*

The book in black and white is beautifully conceived and designed to support the mood and intent of the author and illustrator, both of whom are deservedly well known creators of children's books.

Swinging and Swinging written by Fran Manushkin, pictures by Thomas diGrazia (Harper & Row; \$5.95).

*A girl was sitting on a swing,
Just swinging,
When suddenly
A cloud fell on her head!*

Thus opens a delightful fantasy, written with verve and imagination, by the author of *Baby* and other charming children's books. Beautifully illustrated by poet, painter and illustrator, Thomas diGrazia. The girl swings through this fantasy, joined by the sun, moon and stars.

A Color of His Own, written and illustrated by Leo Lionni (Pantheon; \$3.95) This is the story of the very serious plight of a chameleon. He's

yellow on a lemon, purple on the heather, striped on a tiger, green on a spring leaf, and red on the red autumn leaf. Who is he really? What can he do?

A heart to heart talk with another chameleon resolves the problem very nicely. The story is simple and sprightly, the illustrations whimsical and striking. One of Lionni's many high caliber picture books.

Everyone Knows What A Dragon Looks Like, written by Jay Williams, illustrated by Mercer Meyer (Four Winds Press; \$7.95). Jay Williams presents us with another of his marvelous stories of adventure and whimsy. Everyone knows what a dragon looks like. Well, maybe not.

Little Sister and the Month Brothers, retold by Beatrice Shenk de Regniers, pictures by Margot Tones (The Seabury Press; \$8). A handsomely designed, skillfully told, and originally illustrated book about a little girl in a Cinderella situation which is resolved in a surprising way. She is turned out into a bitter, snowy night by an uncommonly nasty stepmother and stepsister, and told not to come back without fresh

violets. She meets the Month Brothers, all twelve. What follows is a treat of story and pictures.

I Like Old Clothes, written by Mary Ann Hoberman, illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast (Knopf; \$4.95).

*I like old clothes
I really do.
Clothes with a history,
Clothes with a mystery.*

Clothes which time has endowed with character, special associations and friendship. Charmingly illustrated in blacks, oranges, blues and greens.

The Tyger Voyage, written by Richard Adams, illustrated by Nicola Bayley (Knopf; \$6.95). This voyage of two tigers was created in verse by the author of the now famous *Watership Down*.

A narrator charts the travels and experiences of two tigers, Ezekiel and young Raphael Dubbs, who set sail from Victorian England.

*The weeks passed; not a postcard came.
My father felt himself to blame.
No news of shipwreck or mishap:
They'd simply vanished off the map.*

The verse may be for children somewhat older than picture book age, but the illustrations are truly remarkable: beautifully composed, positively spellbinding and alternatively mysterious, charming and dramatic.

So What If It's Raining, by Miriam Young, illustrated by Carol Nicklaus (Parents Magazine Press; \$5.50). Jason and Jennifer decide they will have fun anyway. "We'll pretend." They conjure up a vivid and totally encompassing world of their own, and through the magic of their play, Jason's house is inundated by a terrible flood—to start with. Now they're circus clowns, "I'll pull a string of hot dogs out of my pocket. Only they'll turn out to be fire crackers and go off . . . bang!" Now they are outlaws, in another marvelous Wild West setting. It's still raining so they become elves. Then scientists, researching "fudge-flavored toothpaste that keeps you from getting cavities." At the end of the day Jason says to Jennifer, "So what if it's sunny tomorrow? Come on over. We can still have fun."

A hearty vote of confidence for the resourcefulness of children.

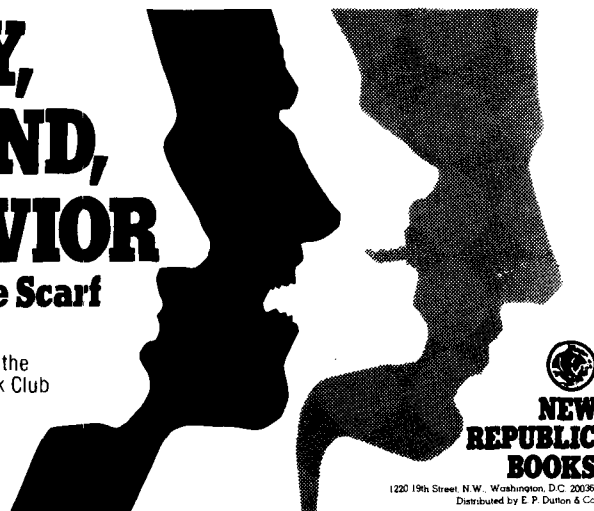
Ezra Jack Keats is author and illustrator of children's books. His most recent book is *Louie* (Greenwillow Press).

Why do we get depressed and angry? What leads a woman to attempt suicide? Do men really experience mid-life crisis?

Just some of the provocative questions asked and answered by "a clear and responsible journalist. . . (in) an intelligent, popular introduction to the range of new thinking on human behavior."—*Kirkus Reviews*

BODY, MIND, BEHAVIOR by Maggie Scarf

A Dual Main Selection of the
Modern Psychology Book Club
\$9.95



Books Considered

Genius and Lust by Norman Mailer and Henry Miller

(Grove Press; \$12.50)

Genius and Lust, Norman Mailer's "journey through the major writings of Henry Miller," is a stupefying mishmash of sense and nonsense—the latter predominating. The book contains nearly 500 pages of Miller's writing which Mailer has selected mostly from the earlier, better work, divided into arbitrary sections ("Surrealism"; "Domestic Misery"; "Crazy Cock"; etc.) and introduced with nearly 100 pages of his own commentary, some of it brilliant, more of it bloated. The anthology's stated purpose—to persuade us that Miller is a neglected "genius" of the first rank—is not accomplished.

Some will view Mailer's claims for Miller as a disguised plea for what he likes to call the "title." They will cite Mailer's characteristic conversion of aspects of his subject into aspects of himself; and will point further, to the real resemblance between the two men—their shared view of sex (and writing) as a form of warfare, their endearing (these two tender, neo-Victorians) insistence that they are monstrous Toughs. But I see no reason to doubt the generosity of Mailer's impulse in producing this anthology. He seems genuinely to believe that a "great" writer has been unduly ignored, and that he had the personal obligation to pay homage to a man whom he feels opened up possibilities for his own work. It isn't Mailer's motives that need questioning, but his judgment. And the manner in which he states it.

Mailer is not the first, as he implies, to view Miller as an important figure. Karl Shapiro, in a 1961 essay, called him "one of the major figures of American literature living today." And in 1970, Kate Millett began her chapter on Miller in *Sexual Politics* by deploring the "scandalous and systematic neglect of his work." Neither, to be sure, promoted Miller's claims to the extent Mailer does. His praise is in places so extreme that it borders on parody—and thus does no



service to Miller's actual accomplishments. Some of the claims are hair-raising: that Miller is "an artist of incomparably larger dimensions than Robert Frost"; that his "rhetoric," when "under full sail" is as "noble" as Melville's; that his prose is "grander than Faulkner's." And this for toppers: "One has to take the English language back to Marlowe and Shakespeare before encountering a wealth of imagery equal in intensity."

Those of us who admire Mailer have learned to take his extravagance as a concomitant of his gifts. But a performing style won't serve muster as a critical argument. Nor will the simple repetition, over and over, that Miller is a "genius"—reiteration is not proof. Nor the off-handed remarks by which Mailer attempts to do in parenthesis (crumbs for the pedants) what he refuses to do in the form of sustained analysis. A few of his asides are acute, and help to define Miller's special stance and voice ("knave-acrobat of the cosmos . . . some kind of incomparable relentless freedom in his heart, that paradox of tough misery and keen happiness . . .").

More often, Mailer's attempts to define his enthusiasm for Miller are sloppy, swollen, tautological. "It would be tempting to say," Mailer tells us, that Miller "writes well about everything but his enthusiasms." Since the whole volume is designed to demonstrate that lust is *the* enthusiasm, Mailer has thus

carelessly made himself say that Miller rarely writes well. Elsewhere Mailer sounds giddy (though many will not be amused): Miller's "insights smack the brain like a bouncy tit which plops full of fucky happy presence over your nostrils." As we ponder whether to draw a breath, comes the news that Miller is "the Grand Speleologist of the Vagina—out of the sensations of those caverns will he rediscover every item in the world." If so, he didn't bring them back; I can think of few writers as tiresomely monochromatic in subject matter or rhythm.

But worse is to come. In his generation, Miller deserved the title of "king" (Mailer loves the competitive male terminology of politics and sports) because it was possible "he had suffered more" than any of the other writers contending for the "championship." Suffered more than Faulkner? What fine-spun—and unexplained—moral calculus brought Mailer to this bizarre conclusion? And what bearing does "suffering" have anyway in evaluating a writer's achievement? Surely a case can be made that those who gain *no* acclaim suffer most.

Mailer prefers to celebrate Miller's liberating influence—itself undeniable—than to linger on its limitations. He praises Miller for "exploring the vast watershed of sex from that relatively uncharted side which goes by the name of lust"—but does not pause over his own insight that for Miller "sex and filth were components of the same equation, as related as mass and energy." Mailer's haste is understandable. In his own earlier work he has already identified himself with Miller's perspective. As he wrote in *Armies of the Night*, "sex . . . was better off dirty, damned, even slavish! than clean, and without guilt." And in *The Prisoner of Sex*, he showed no sympathy for Kate Millett's cogent argument that although Miller deserves credit for being honest enough "to articulate the disgust, the contempt, the hostility, the violence, and the sense of filth which our culture, or more specifically, its masculine sensibility, surround sexuality," he has played no role in "freeing us from such afflictions."

There is no evidence in *Genius and Lust* that Mailer yet sees the need to "free ourselves." If anything—perhaps because his investment in defiance can prevail over his actual views—he seems to embrace Miller's vision of sexuality more fiercely than ever. He acknowledges that "a part of Miller has

been amputated forever from any comfort in the idea that woman has a character as large as man," but then blames Miller's distancing mother for his inability to see women as other than "disembodied cunts"—indeed gratuitously broadens the indictment to blame the "anti-sexuality" of every man on "all the cold and disinterested women of childhood." He would have us believe that every time Miller says the equivalent of "take that, you cunt!", he is slaying "social artifice and hypocrisy . . . all the cancers of bourgeois suffocation."

No. He is slaying women. And Mailer outdistances Miller (who has no talent for philosophy) in providing a justifying polemic. "Something in a woman," he tells us—the lack of embarrassment is awesome—"wishes to be killed . . . she would like to lose the weaker part of herself, have it ploughed under, ground under, kneaded, tortured, squashed, sliced, banished, and finally immolated." At latest count, no advocate of "innate female masochism" has gone this far; they speak of every woman's desire to be raped; Mailer seems to add—raped to death. When Miller wrote, in the 1930s and '40s, his denigrating views of women were commonplace in the culture. Mailer, writing in the '70s, lacks that sociological justification.

To some modest extent, Miller needs to be rescued from both Mailer, his staunchest defender, and Kate Millett, his sharpest critic. Though the two are usually seen as polar opposites, their characterizations of Miller at certain points sound interchangeable—and interchangeably diminish him. When Mailer (Millett agreeing) locates the focus of Miller's writing on "the vagaries and outright contradictions of a stiff prick without a modicum of conscience," he is intending a compliment (Millett not agreeing), but it comes at the expense of

ignoring the modicum (no more) that Miller did have: "it was truly abominable the way I treated her," Miller writes of one woman in *The World of Sex*—"contemptible." Or when Millett says (Mailer uses almost identical words, though not—again—for an identical purpose) that Miller yearned to effect "a complete depersonalization of woman into cunt," she can do so only by ignoring the many modifying, humanizing nuances in the hundreds of pages he wrote about his second wife, June Edith Smith.

Both Millett and Mailer likewise ignore what might be called the "experimental" side of Miller's sexuality—those occasional, impressively casual references to tickling another man's balls during a threesome, getting an erection while dressing up in women's clothes, feeling deeply aroused ("on the verge of coming") when listening to the tale of a "big horse cock" shooting off. It's curious that Millett, ordinarily so responsive to variegated forms of sexuality, and Mailer, ordinarily so insistent on the "mysteries" at the heart of sex (and writing), should reduce Miller to so flat and one-dimensional a level.

Most curious of all—the alliance here is dizzying—is the sharp dichotomy both draw (not in their lives, apparently, but when writing about Miller) between lust and love—as if the one was composed of an entirely different set of attributes from the other. When Mailer expatiates on how lust "dominates the mind, appropriates loyalties, generalizes character," the description seems at least as applicable to the obsessive, exclusionary, projective aspects of love—or at least of what we are learning to call its "early," "romantic" phase. When Millett describes Miller's seven year marriage to June Smith as "less a love story than the case history of a neurotic dependence," does she mean that "dependence" (the need for support? the wish for complementation?) is not a significant ingredient of love?

It may be—though I doubt many psychiatrists would agree (which doesn't invalidate the proposition)—that the apparent absence in Miller of a need to be "completed," his inability (as both Millett and Mailer have it) to fall in love, should be seen as signs of mental health, of an already achieved personal wholeness, of a remarkable freedom from those romantic expectations which in our culture have dominated—and poisoned—intimacy. It may even be that the process of looking to another person for qualities we feel lacking in ourselves

is better seen as the central component of lust (which we've been taught to dismiss, much too glibly, as a "merely physical" attraction), and not as an appropriate description at all for that companionable sharing and mutual concern which characterize a "love" relationship of any sustained duration.

Because this is a jumble for all of us right now, my complaint is not so much against imprecision as against premature simplification. Since we are at some distance from that halcyon day when we can talk with confidence of the distinctions between "love," "lust," "affection," "dependence," "sex," *et. al.*, I prefer the way Miller confines himself to describing an act to the way Mailer and Millett attempt to categorize it.

There is one section in *Genius and Lust* where I hardly cared whether or not Mailer's speculations related (as he claims) to Miller's actual experiences (I think they do only tangentially). I refer to the second 10 pages of Mailer's 20 page introduction to the section entitled "Narcissism." They are so remarkably fine—for their insights into human behavior, for the supple lucidity of the prose—that I'd rank them with Mailer's finest work to date.

It is finer, surely, than any portion of Miller's own writing in the anthology. Indeed, Mailer's work highlights the disparity of talent between the two men, leaving one convinced that Mailer—for whatever unfathomable reasons—has chosen to exalt a writer whose gifts do not compare with his own. This is not to deny Miller's considerable skills—and especially (as Mailer points out) his Dickensian ability to find the apt, bizarre detail for conveying the essence of a personality. Nor is it to deny the importance of Henry Miller's rowdy, rambunctious voice in forcing a re-definition of what constitutes a "permissible" tone or subject matter for "serious" writing.

But it is to deny that in the case of Henry Miller the Nobel Committee has made yet another notorious error. And it is to affirm that however much Mailer identifies with Miller and in this volume displaces onto him his own claims, he is himself the likelier candidate for literary greatness.

Martin Duberman

Martin Duberman is Distinguished Professor of History at Lehman College, CUNY. His new play, *Visions of Kerouac*, opens in New York City in December at The Lion Theater Club.

The Human Cougar by Lloyd Morain

"... disappearing species maligned by masters of money and politics. . ."

R. Buckminster Fuller

"Highly recommended!"

Robert A. Heinlein

"How to save the human cougar in each of us . . ."

Nicholas Johnson

NON-FICTION Hard Cover \$8.95 ppd.

Prometheus Books

923-R Kensington Ave. Buffalo, NY 14215

Story of My Life by Moshe Dayan

(Morrow; \$15)

My Father's House by Yigal Allon

(Norton; \$7.95)

In June 1967, immediately after Israel's lightning victory in the Six Day War, an Israeli "senior official" assured me bitterly that the acclaim showered on Minister of Defense Moshe Dayan was misplaced. The plaudits should have gone to the less flamboyant Itzhak Rabin, then chief of staff of the Israeli forces. Furthermore, according to my high-placed informant, Dayan, instead of being the dashing hero of legend, had actually proven hesitant and over-cautious: he had opposed the Israeli army's advance to the Suez Canal; he had delayed the assault on the Golan Heights as too risky and had yielded only when the shelled kibbutzim in the valley below threatened to stage an attack on their own; and he had shown no enthusiasm for ordering the recapture of the Old City of Jerusalem. This sobering estimate in no way coincided with the popular image. Yet despite the controversies repeatedly swirling around Dayan since then, his "charisma" remained undiminished till the Yom Kippur War.

In a sense, Dayan's autobiography while not an apologia—on the surface he appears much too jaunty and self-assured for any save minor admissions of error—is an implicit answer to his detractors. Happily it is more than that. It is a superb portrait of a sabra, an untypical one to be sure but nevertheless a child of Palestine in contrast to a diaspora Jew. When one compares Dayan's book with Golda Meir's recent autobiography, it is hard to believe that only 17 years in age separate the two. Not only the generation gap but a world of unshared experience divides Mrs. Meir, born in Kiev in 1898, from Dayan, born in 1915 and raised in the farming village of Nahalal. Dayan is weighed down by no baggage of East European suffering and centuries of ghetto tradition. The "family" to which he feels himself historically bound, as he indicates in a moving epilogue, (reprinted in *TNR*, Sept. 11, '76) is the patriarchal family of the remote Biblical past whose artifacts he unearths in a Negev cave. Dayan's

notorious passion for archaeology—his valuable collection of antiquities is a steady butt for Israel's candid humorists—is also a passion for Israel's landscape and ancient history. The roots he acknowledges extend deep in time. This profound attachment is the only patriotism to which he gives expression in the present.

Primarily this is the book of a soldier and political leader. Those seeking piquant tidbits about Dayan's personal life will have to look elsewhere—to the biography by his first wife, Ruth, or, on a coarser level, to the serialized revelations of one of his lady friends who scandalized and amused the Israeli public some years ago. Except for providing a skeleton outline of his youthful marriage and romantic remarriage, Dayan is primly reticent and, refreshingly, no amateur Henry Miller. An autobiographer, like a composer of lapidary inscriptions, is not under oath to tell all. Any reader surfeited by the confessional exhibitionism of less inhibited writers can only be grateful for the restraint which makes Dayan dwell on the important rather than the titillating.

At the same time this is no mere history of campaigns and political struggles. The complex figure of Dayan emerges in spite of himself. A sabra but not the hearty son of the soil beaming from Israeli posters, he is too moody, too much the loner, the individualist, for the pleasant stereotype. When as a youth he wanted to join a new kibbutz, he was accepted with misgivings despite his farm background: "My friends knew me and they did not believe that I could be whole-hearted about belonging to a collective group. Emotional partnership, sociability and absolute egalitarianism were not in keeping with my nature." The kibbutz attempt was not a success. In any case Dayan's military talents came to the fore early.

By the age of 14 he was enrolled in the Haganah, the secret defense force of Jewish Palestine under the Mandatory government. At 23 he was a Haganah instructor and had already written a manual on tactical fieldcraft which attracted favorable attention. From then on his advancement was assured. Though he lost an eye in a sortie into Syria during World War II, his progress continued. Ironically, till the establishment of the state, his career went *pari passu* with that of Yigal Allon, the man who would emerge as his rival in more than one subsequent political crisis. But by 1948, firmly entrenched in Ben

Gurion's favor, he replaced Allon as chief of the Southern Command. As commander of Jerusalem he was involved in the negotiations with King Abdullah of Jordan after the War of Independence as well as in the Armistice Agreements with the Arab states at Rhodes. In 1953 Dayan was appointed Chief of Staff.

Two aspects of this book carry a particular authority: Dayan's evaluation of the Arabs and his insider's view of Israel's four wars. Dayan's rapport with the Arabs stems from early intimate knowledge. He is at home both with Bedouin tribesmen and his Arab military counterparts many of whom he obviously respects and admires, notably Lt. Col. Abdulla el-Tel of Jordan. How close Israel and Jordan were to signing what amounted to a peace agreement in 1949 and how Great Britain torpedoed the attempt is revealed by Dayan in a fascinating chapter. Great Britain

The Georgia Review

Thirtieth Anniversary
Fall 1976

Essays

"Poetic Crossing: Rhetoric and Psychology"
by Harold Bloom

"The Falkners and the Fictional Families"
by Joseph Blotner

"Explanation and Conviction in Godard:
The Married Woman" by Robert Boyers
"The Aesthetics of Astonishment" by Peter Brooks

"The Supplement of Copula: Philosophy
Before Linguistics" by Jacques Derrida
"Fashion in Nudity" by Anne Hollander

Fiction

"My Real Estate" by Max Apple

Poems by Turner Cassity, Alfred Corn,
Daryl Hine, Daniel Hoffman, Richard
Howard, James Merrill, Frederick
Morgan, and Howard Moss

Graphics by Libby Bailey

Reviews by T. Daniel Kelly, J. D.
McClatchy, Wesley A. Morris, and
Ronald Paulson

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Please enter my subscription to *The Georgia Review* for _____ 1 year (\$3.00; Foreign \$3.50) _____ 2 years (\$5.00; Foreign \$6.00), beginning with the _____ issue.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Zip Code: _____

The Georgia Review, edited by John T. Irwin and published quarterly at the University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia 30602.

The Georgia Review is not available at bookstores. It can be obtained only by subscription.

demanding cancellation of the proposed treaty on the ostensible grounds that other Arab states had only concluded armistice agreements. The former Mandatory power's role of sabotage could not have been plainer.

Nowhere is Dayan tempted to underestimate his opponents. Unlike many a journalist he appreciates the Arab soldier's will to fight. Even the Six Day War, blithely described as a push-over in the press, was no breeze. "The breakthrough battles had been very tough indeed." But though he does not make light of the Egyptian army in 1967 he condemns Nasser and his commanders for a lack of resilience—the great virtue of Israeli officers—after the shock of Israel's pre-emptive air strike. Fresh and intriguing appraisals mark his analyses of the War of Independence, the Suez Campaign and finally the Yom Kippur war which saw his swift decline in popular esteem. In the dark days in 1967 when the Arab states were massing on Israel's borders proclaiming her imminent destruction, Dayan, then out of office, was recalled to serve as minister of defense. Prime Minister Eshkol and Golda Meir made no secret of their preference for Allon who was closer to them ideologically and more "predictable." But the people clamored for Dayan, the Byronic hero with black patch who was credited with the Suez victory and other exploits. From 1967 to October 1973, were Dayan's golden years, not only because of military prowess but because of the boldness and imagination he had shown in his conduct toward the Arabs who had come under Israeli occupation. In 1967 his insistence, despite the fears of Teddy Kollek and other municipal officials, on promptly tearing down the barbed wire fences which partitioned Jerusalem so as to assure free movement for Arab and Jew in the united city, his "open bridges" policy with Jordan, were part of the élan with which he met old problems. At any rate, so the Israeli public believed. For this dynamism Israelis were ready to smile at rather than reprove any rumored lapse in his personal life. The

scenario changed catastrophically in 1973.

The fall of the hero is the essence of drama. What was his tragic flaw? According to Dayan he was made the scapegoat by a Labor party that never accepted him wholeheartedly and viewed him with "chilliness." Had his counsel been taken in time the trauma of the Yom Kippur War might have been averted. Yes, in 1967 he had not wanted the Israeli forces to establish themselves along the Suez Canal; subsequently he had proposed a pullback closer to the Mitla and Gidi passes because he believed that Egypt would never accept an Israeli presence on the canal; it would remain a *casus belli*. Yes, he had delayed the attack on the Golan in 1967 though the kibbutzim were constantly shelled from that armed ridge. In a crucial passage he writes: "I, for one, had never imagined—neither before nor after the Six Day War in 1967—that the Egyptians would reconcile themselves to our being entrenched along the Suez Canal, or that the Syrians would swallow our occupation of the Golan Heights. I felt that our presence there meant a renewal of war sooner or later. This was not my feeling about the Gaza Strip, Judea and Samaria."

Hindsight or insight? After the surprise attack in 1973 Dayan counseled immediate withdrawal. Dayan's version of his behavior under pressure differs substantially from that of others. It is instructive to compare Dayan's account of the fateful October days with that of Mrs. Meir in her autobiography, and that of Chaim Herzog, military analyst and now Israel's ambassador to the United Nations. Despite their admitted uneasiness, Dayan and his associates continued to assess war as a "low probability" till the very outbreak. On October 5, Mrs. Meir, though tormented by growing apprehension, heeded the assessment of her minister of defense and chief of staff. In retrospect she writes: "That morning I should have listened to the warning of my heart and ordered a callup." But how could she oppose the judgment of experts with something as silly as "womanly intuition"? On October 6, the day of the attack, Chief of Staff Elazar asked for full mobilization and a pre-emptive strike. Dayan held out for partial mobilization in case the threatening Egyptian and Syrian military build up should prove to be a false alarm. Mrs. Meir decided on a compromise of twice the number sought by Dayan but far short of general mobilization. She

vetoed a preemptive strike.

After the first day's fighting, when Israel's situation seemed desperate on both the southern and northern fronts, Dayan shocked the cabinet members by advising retreat to a second line. Dayan remarks dourly: "It was clear from their critical cross-questioning after my realistic remarks that they thought the weakness lay not in our current military situation but in my personal character, that I had lost my confidence, and that my evaluation was incorrect. It was too pessimistic."

Mrs. Meir "listened to him in horror." She called in Elazar who instead of retreat urged immediate counter-attack. Dayan agreed. The next day the Israeli forces began their successful offensive. Mrs. Meir, in her autobiography, chivalrously forebears to comment on Dayan's counsels to withdraw. On the contrary, she praises his cooperation. But Chaim Herzog, in his *The War of Atonement*, is less charitable. He quotes a private remark of Mrs. Meir on Dayan's indecisiveness: "The great Moshe Dayan! One day like this. One day like that." Herzog's own evaluation of Dayan's defeatism is scathing: "The shock of the war caused something to snap in Dayan. The initial Arab onslaught and success threw him into a fit of pessimism which colored his evaluations right through the war." According to Herzog had Dayan's advice been taken Israel would have been left "without the trump cards that proved so valuable in the disengagement negotiations."

Curiously, the charge of loss of nerve was raised briefly against Rabin just before the Six Day War, against Prime Minister Eshkol, and most gravely against Dayan in 1973. The figure whom all, including Dayan, praise for granite strength is Mrs. Meir, ineptly described during various crises as "the only man" in the cabinet. Perhaps on the basis of this record, future compliments for valor should read, "the only woman."

Yet the sternest critics of Dayan's "Hamlet-like" hesitations agree on his great personal courage. Himself recklessly daring on the battle front, he instructed his officers upon becoming chief of staff that a unit had to suffer 50 percent casualties before it could abandon a mission. His autobiography abounds in instances of his physical boldness and resourcefulness. And at no point does Dayan concede that he had been defeatist rather than realistic in his appraisals.

Nor does he accept responsibility for

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

the failures of Israel's military intelligence or the army's lack of preparedness on the eve of war. Instead he points to his absolution by the Agranat Commission which held that a Minister of Defense could not be held accountable but stricture Chief of Staff Elazar. Dayan stresses the fact that Mrs. Meir urged him not to resign when he offered to do so. However, Mrs. Meir, in one of the few criticisms of her close associates that she permits herself, states pointedly that her advice should not have been solicited after the Agranat Report. Dayan should have made up his own mind: "I have always suspected that Dayan might have retained his 'charismatic' image or some of it—had he then, publicly, stuck by his comrades-in-arms."

Self-serving in some respects though Dayan's story of his life may be, it reflects the mercurial brilliance of the author. His judgments on Arab relations, warfare, and Israel's prospects are full of nuggets, though his views are sometimes contradictory or puzzling. For instance, he never bothers to explain why the Arabs will not compromise on the uninhabited Sinai and the sparsely inhabited Golan but will reconcile themselves to Israeli occupation of the West Bank (Judea and Samaria) and the Gaza Strip with their approximately one million Arabs. His program appears to be a hybrid of "realism" bordering on the dovish and of militant extremism. The paradox is part of Dayan's enigmatic, willful character; it makes him exciting but "unpredictable." His enemies use harsher adjectives.

It would be unfair to juxtapose Yigal Allon's brief affectionate memoir of his pioneer father with Dayan's full-length autobiography. Allon keeps strictly within the ramifications of his subject so we learn nothing of his military or political career. A sabra like Dayan and three years his junior, he writes vividly of farm and field and the adventure of his young involvement in the Haganah. Both men share the experience of active boyhood in pioneer Palestine. But there the resemblance ends. Unlike Dayan, Allon becomes the ideal kibbutznik. To this day, though foreign minister, Allon spends his weekends in Ginosar, the kibbutz he helped found. Apart from enjoying the charm of Allon's evocation of youth in pre-state Israel, a reader who has just finished reading Dayan's autobiography cannot help reflecting on the contrasts between the two men despite their common backgrounds. Both men were reared in farming

villages, both know their Arab neighbors from childhood, both rose to distinction in the Haganah, but the prescriptions each offers for the solution of Israel's economic and political problems are as dissimilar as their beginnings are similar. The Allon Plan for the substantial return of the West Bank is well-known. It is the reverse of Dayan's position. Whoever is tempted to favor Dayan's solution because he is the expert who knows the Arabs and the military situation firsthand might remember that so does Allon. All of which suggests how prickly is the nexus of Israel's difficulties even for sabras. But both writers, Dayan on a grand scale, Allon in a modest glimpse, by their very reports portray the immensity as well as the hardship of Israel's endeavor.

Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin is professor emeritus at Brandeis University, and editor of the Herzl Press.

Islam and the Arab World ed. by Bernard Lewis

(Knopf; \$29.95 until Dec. 31; \$35 thereafter)

Islam, as it erupted from the deserts of Arabia, struck fear into the heart of Christendom. Muslims appeared as a horde, their society fierce and unfathomable, their faith and customs utterly beyond the pale. From Charles Martel through the centuries of the Crusades, down to the fall of Byzantium and the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, this fear of Islam remained constant in the West. It was bad enough that Muslims were infidels in the Holy Land, but worse that they might extend their conquests even further than the Mediterranean basin.

Eighteenth century Enlightenment transformed the Christian mind into the European mind, and the image of Islam shifted accordingly. Dispassionate inquiry, as well as political processes, revealed that for some time past the balance of forces between the West and Islam had become unequal. Since the Renaissance, Europe had been irresistibly rising. Islam, too impervious to respond to foreign influences, could only follow on behind, not only failing to

compete with European scientific and even military developments, but beginning that delayed imitation of a more successful model which has proved so disastrous to it in the long run.

For a brief period Europeans invested Muslims with the romance of decay, visualizing them as mysterious nomads encamped in the vast ruins of antiquity. A hundred years ago, it was still the practice for travellers in the Middle East to adopt Arab dress. Today, the vulgar belief is that the Arabs, give or take a little fancy dress, are exactly like everyone else, reacting in all respects as everyone else reacts. This is the foundation for many of the wrong-headed and fanciful accounts of what is going on in the Middle East. Commentators, especially diplomats and journalists, either cannot or will not make the effort to drop Western preconceptions when judging Islamic societies. Knowledge is lacking, of course, but so is the imagination to place oneself in another historical context. Thus it is assumed that a military regime or a rioting mob in Syria or Egypt, say, is the same as such a thing would be in a Western or democratic context. Not so. The relation in Islam of rulers to ruled has quite other antecedents, not the less valid for being alien to more familiar traditions. Nobody much stops to point out how patronizing it is to think that Arabs would, or ought to, stop being themselves for the edification of others. Westerners who then go on to praise the Palestine Liberation Organization, for instance, as an example of the people's will in action are displaying their inability to escape from Western value judgments; for a body like that has been created by rulers, not by the ruled, in accordance with time-honored practices. To impose upon a subject population by brute force is nothing new.

The illusion that all cultures are really unified derives from economic or Marxist interpretations of history which ignore profounder impulses of faith, or religion. In the case of Islam, this is very mistaken indeed, for it has not been, and could not be, secularized like Christen-

YouTurkey!

Greetings for the Season!
From BirthdayBook
740 Madison, NY 10021
212-249-2408
Send for our 77 Catalog!

dom, with its long-fought distinction of church and state. Western confusion has been compounded because the first generation of Arab, indeed Muslim, spokesmen have by and large been educated in universities abroad where they have absorbed economic and Marxist interpretations as a matter of routine; they have become ashamed of Islam and of their inability to change it, and thereby they take a stand at a good distance from reality at home. In effect such people are copying the latest alluring devices from the West, just as their grandfathers once hoped for a graft of constitutionalism and universal suffrage and a Bill of Rights. Jumping barriers of language and culture, they may pass as pseudo-Westerners, shedding what is felt as the stigma of being themselves. It is depressing that the legitimate ideal of being a proud Arab should be part and parcel of a struggle not to seem backward, but such is the distortion which Western encroachment has worked in the Arab mind. The strangest juxtapositions of progress and resistancy arise as a result—to give just one recent example, Sadiq el-Azm, a Syrian, nephew of a former head of that state, and one of the most prominent of

Arab left-wing intellectuals, could publish an academic book in English about Kant, but his subsequent critique of Islam as the chief obstacle to modernization and the cause of losing the war against Israel, cost him his university job, and a spell in prison as well.

To respect Islam in its own right, then, without apology, is rare, and may even be the prerogative of a few Western specialists, which is what makes the essays in this collection important, perhaps a landmark. It is justice of a sort that if Islam no longer has the confidence for objective self-assessment, Westerners should be doing it. The release from historic guilts is the beginning of wisdom. The general reader for once is not being solicited to vote for or against the Arabs, or indeed anyone. On the contrary, here is a free-for-all invitation to accompany a baker's dozen of professors on a tour of their subjects—though it is not for easyriders or slackers. Professor A. Shiloah on Arab music, and Professor A. I. Sabra on the history of Islamic science, are both so technical that their contributions properly belong to a learned journal.

Professor Bernard Lewis, of

Princeton, the book's editor, gives as masterly a survey of the rise of the great Muslim empires as is possible in a few thousand words. Andalusian Spain, India, the Ottoman empire and Persia each receive further separate treatment, a necessary reminder of the spread and diversity of the Islamic achievement. There are excellent chapters on literature and art by Professors Charles Pellat and Richard Ettinghausen respectively. If I have to make a criticism, it would be that an explanation of the day-to-day features of Islamic life is missing, in other words some account of what most Westerners know without quite understanding, such as the position of women, the wearing of the veil, the significance of the family or clan structure, the dietary laws, the observance of Ramadan and so on.

Equally, if I have to pick out something special for praise, it must be the illustrations, of which there are over 300, not of the usual coffeetable kind either, but many of them full-page color plates, lavish, fresh and aptly integrated with each chapter.

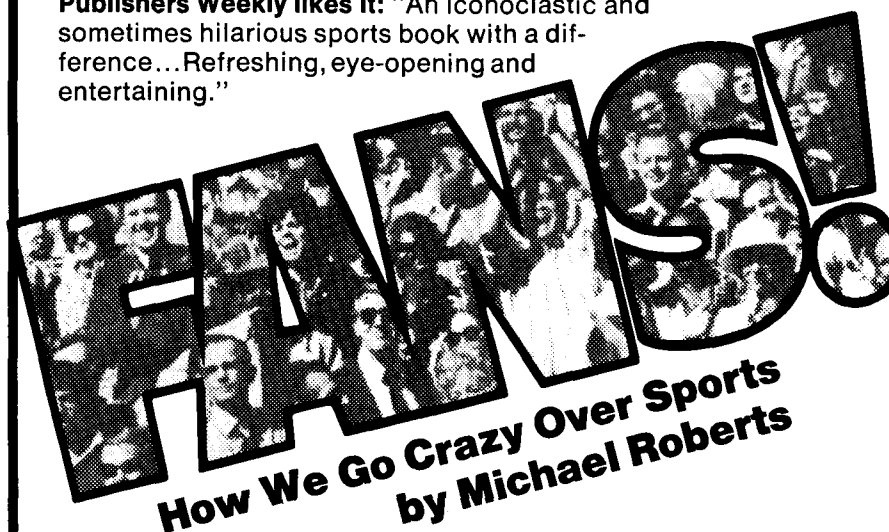
What may be concluded, I suppose, is that Islam by its nature has been self-enclosed. Its men of the sword and its men of the pen alike had a revealed truth, and it was good enough to assimilate almost all who came into contact with it, including other conquerors like the Mongols. Its very strength, in fact, led to perpetuation rather than innovation—the basic form had been contrived for survival at all cost, whether in architecture, poetry, religious observance, or more essential still, society itself. Effectively the great renewals from within, such as Christendom experienced with the Renaissance or the Age of Enlightenment or the Industrial Revolution were precluded by the formal structures of Islam. In defeat, once the classical caliphate had been broken by the Mongols, or the Ottoman sultanate began to decline in its turn, there was no mechanism for analyzing the reasons why; only an instinct to go on the defensive, to seek for paradise lost. Regret, frustration, that envy of foreigners which can be expressed only as hatred, were then born.

This is Professor Elie Kedourie's theme in a concluding chapter on "Islam Today," and the most trenchant writing it is too. As he points out, the shrinkage of the Muslim world in the past 200 years "also brought into doubt the truth of the Muslim revelation itself." From Central Asia at one extreme, to North Africa at the other, Muslims were

Howard Cosell likes it: "We need more sports writers like Mike Roberts—men who are unafraid of the establishment, willing to puncture myths, expose wrongdoing in a dream world. *Fans!* is a first rate book."

Erich Segal likes it: "It is a splendid book about our national folly. I enjoyed every page."

Publishers Weekly likes it: "An iconoclastic and sometimes hilarious sports book with a difference... Refreshing, eye-opening and entertaining."



\$8.95 at bookstores or direct from

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036
Distributed by E. P. Dutton & Co.

retreating before Europeans until their heartlands were occupied in the collapse of the Ottoman empire. Where was salvation? In the words of a would-be modernizer who spoke for many, in "marching resolutely in the path of civilization, after the manner of Western society."

Western society, with its prosperity and technology, was all very fine, but the visible fruits were not to be acquired by simply taking thought of them. In any case two world wars—which allowed Islam to recover independence, in its heartlands at least—have proved that Western society is not homogeneous, but offers several varieties to be sampled. Muslims in the Soviet empire today are under duress as great as any in Muslim history. How differently placed are Syrians or Iraqis under a Baathist dictatorship than they were under an Ottoman pasha? Is it more progressive

in Bangladesh or Pakistan for an Indian Muslim than it was under British rule? Communism, capitalism, or foreign influences however packaged and labelled, are grindstones for Islam just as Christendom once was, and Professor Kedourie is not hopeful that the Muslim world, "now highly strung and deeply disturbed," will avoid explosions.

Islam, these essays variously suggest, would founder as a faith sooner than compromise. Without compromise, however, there is no marching in the path of civilization, and that dilemma for the time being is beyond resolving.

David Pryce-Jones

David Pryce-Jones writes about the Middle East for the London *Daily Telegraph* and is the author of a forthcoming biography of Unity Mitford.

with variations. Nathan Asch, for instance, went everywhere by bus and wrote *The Road* (1937), a book that has been unjustly forgotten together with its talented author. But the best of the documentaries is James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, a book about Alabama cotton tenants that was five years in the writing. It finally appeared in 1941, with photographs by Walker Evans that are as detailed and eloquent in their own medium as Agee's prose.

The age revealed a similar interest in autobiographical writing, especially of the sort that described the author's progress toward belief in a new society. Thus, Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* (1935) was widely praised. It proposed what Sheean called "the long view" of wars and revolutions he had witnessed as a foreign correspondent; the view was essentially Marxist. *An American Testament* (1936) is Joseph Freeman's account of his political conversion and of a life spent mostly among Communists, American and international. The account is as honest as he could make it while following the party line. All the political autobiographies are lacking in the extreme candor about personal relations that is now demanded of authors. The candor, though, was abundantly supplied by Henry Miller in his *Tropic of Cancer* (1934), a book that was to be widely imitated 30 years later. Miller, incidentally, was among the very few authors unaffected by the political dreams of the age. There had to be exceptions, even in the 1930s.

From an age so much concerned with class struggles, one might have expected some permanent works on political or economic theory or international affairs. The age was disappointing in this respect. Most of its social essays were shallow, contentious, polluted with jargon, and devoted to questions of the day presented in terms of liberal or Marxian or Freudian orthodoxies. Among the few exceptions here were two books by Lewis Mumford, *Technics and Civilization* (1934) and *The Culture of Cities* (1938), in which he was preparing to offer his own prescription for social survival. Kenneth Burke, from a basis in literary criticism, was slowly evolving a philosophy of human motives to which he would give the name of Dramatism. His longest book of the period, one which went almost unread like the others, was *Attitudes toward History* (1938).

In poetry the 1930s were a period when Frost, Stevens, Williams, Moore, Jeffers and Aiken were doing some of

Reconsideration

The 1930s

Looking back at the 1930s, I once asked myself a question. "Out of all that activity," I said, "all those dreams of a new social order and those feuds among the dreamers, what books remain that can still be admired?" Long ago I tried to draw up a reader's list of them, but the list had to be revised several times and then abandoned. I was uneasy about the good books I must have overlooked, and besides, the whole project smacked of the critical canon-making to which I had always objected. Still, working over the list had helped me to reach a few conclusions.

I found, not to my surprise, that the lasting books, with a very few exceptions, were not the ones celebrated in the radical press when they first appeared. Those proletarian novels that aroused so much discussion, especially during the first half of the decade, have mostly become unreadable. In an appendix to *The Radical Novel in the United States*, that good scholar Walter B. Rideout gives the names of 50 such novels for the years from 1930 to 1939, and there are others he might have listed. Almost all of his 50 are now historical curiosities; the likeliest exceptions are James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* trilogy (1932-1935), which still conveys its feeling of raw outrage, and Robert

Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty* (1934). Later decades have been more impressed by novels that were neglected for years because they seemed to be outside the current of the age; one thinks of *Miss Lonelyhearts* and *Call It Sleep* and *The Man Who Loved Children*. It would be easy, though, to demonstrate that each of these was affected by the current and could have been written at no other time.

Here are some other conclusions about the age, set down in bald summary. There was, as might have been expected, a strong interest in documentary writing, then known as "reportage." Shaken by the national crisis, or persuaded by the Communists to report a strike, young men of letters traveled west of the Hudson or south of the Potomac into regions they had never explored. They sat in dingy hotel rooms typing out their furious impressions of hired gunmen in Harlan County or of the Ford plant at River Rouge. Among those literary pilgrims, or tourists, the most brilliant was Edmund Wilson, who wandered over the country by train and sent back articles to *The New Republic*; later these were collected in *The American Jitters* (1932). Wilson was read with attention by his fellow writers, some of whom followed his example

their best work. These were older poets, all in their 50s or 60s by the end of the decade, and their talents reflected an earlier time. All except Williams tried to stand apart from the new social currents, but these affected their work, if only by arousing their opposition. Another form of opposition was displayed by talented poets who appeared at the very end of the decade. They were Robert Lowell, Theodore Roethke, Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell and John Berryman, none of whom except Schwartz published their first books before the early 1940s. Schwartz described himself in a phrase that might be applied to the others, "as having a post-Munich sensibility," in other words, a feeling of skepticism about the social movement. As for the earlier poets of the 1930s who plunged headlong into the movement, their work was less assured and impressive than that of their English contemporaries; perhaps that was because they had no spokesman like Auden to teach them a new language. As Auden was to say in his great elegy for W. B. Yeats, first printed in *The New Republic*:

*Time that is intolerant
Of the brave and innocent,
And indifferent in a week
To a beautiful physique,*

*Worships language and forgives
Everyone by whom it lives.*

The younger American poets of the early 1930s were embarrassed by a contradiction between language and subject matter; they were trying to convey a public message in a style they had borrowed from symbolist or imagist poets, that is, a style best adapted to private visions and nightmares. "Social symbolism" was what they called the result, but the term itself was a two-headed beast. Archibald MacLeish, a poet then in his 40s, had developed a style of his own that had been a grand vehicle for lyrics and personal statements. More temperate in his opinions, but no less disturbed by threats to the American future than were his younger colleagues, he now wrote social poems that were more effective than theirs. Still, his work during the 1930s proved once again that *Public Speech*—his title for a book of poems published in 1936—is always in danger of becoming forensic.

So, much against my intention, I have after all compiled a list of books and authors. The list is obviously incomplete; for example, it does not even

glance at such broad fields as drama, history and criticism. In the fields it does cover briefly, it fails to mention some lasting books while naming others that have a chiefly symptomatic interest. It omits whole categories of writers, such as the hard-boiled novelists of the 1930s. It does suggest, however, that the productions of the age were more varied and substantial than they are often remembered as being. Fiction was of course the central field for writers. Faulkner seems more and more to have been the major novelist, and his best books were all published in the years 1929 to 1942—11 books in 13 years, each different from any of the others. It should be obvious to their readers that Faulkner too was affected by the spirit of the time—as note his increasingly respectful picture of Mississippi Negroes—but also that he reacted in his special fashion. For the clearest expression of the age in its successive moods of anger, apocalyptic faith, and discouragement, one must turn to three big novels by others.

The novels—as I have written in another connection—are Dos Passos' trilogy *USA*, Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, and Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The first belongs to the beginning of the era, with its angry feeling that American society was breaking apart; "All right we are two nations," the author growls. The second, though published in 1939, expresses the mood of the middle years; it is an optimistic tragedy. The hero faces death in full confidence that his people will become united and invincible. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a more despondent tragedy that belongs to the end of an era; the hero dies vainly in a battle lost before it started. Together the three books tell a connected story with the age as its real protagonist.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcolm Cowley's most recent books is *A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation* (Viking).

Kauffmann, from page 18

has staffed the picture with a company of bit players and extras who are precisely right.

But the picture seems stilted and dated, rather than historical. I haven't

read the Guthrie book, but the script by Robert Getchell is disjointed and full of "populist" corn. ("I need to touch the people," says Woody at one point.) We first see Woody as an indigent Texas sign-painter with vague mystical powers, who happens to strum the guitar and sing his own songs. In California the mystical elements are arbitrarily dropped and the singing becomes, suddenly, a cause to him: at the end he forsakes family and success to sing to the people. These may be the facts of the matter, but the film doesn't make them believable.

It all stews in warmed-over Steinbeck sauce. (Thoughts of *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath* are never far off.) Every person with some money, except a woman whom Woody sleeps with, is specious or silly; every poor person, though perhaps weak, is good. Truth is told about the cruelty of the railroad "bulls" and the strike-breakers in the workers' camps, about the blood that was shed and hardship endured; but, unlike Steinbeck, truth is *not* told about the political colors of the struggle in California. Politics is never mentioned; we just get a kind of abstract cartoon of Noble Worker vs. Nasty Boss as the backdrop of the action. The facts of the matter then and the perspectives of later events render the assumptions of this picture slightly suspect.

What's worse from the filmic view is that the picture is a bit dull. David Carradine as Woody has a lot to carry and can't quite make it. He's pleasant and he sings the good songs well, but he hasn't much power. Neither his performance nor the narrative would hold us much of the time if we didn't know it was a character on the way to some fame. There's one novelty: a principal performer plays two roles. Melinda Dillon is sweet as Woody's worn blonde wife, and she also plays Woody's peppy black-haired singing partner on a radio show. I'd never have known if I hadn't happened to spot her name twice on the cast sheet.

Viewers today may take wry note that Woody feels justified in abandoning wife and children because he's going out to sing to the people and fulfill himself. Well, he had a precedent. Remember Bunyan's Christian: "Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! life! eternal life!" Things like families can't stop us men-folks when we feel bound for glory.

The Classifieds

Personals

MAZELTOV, DAVID NEWMAN on your very special day - NOVEMBER 27, 1976.

THOUGHTFUL, AWARE WOMAN, FIFTIES - wants to share outdoors/fireside books, music, with Boston area man similar interests. New Republic Box 7885.

INCEST - Research and personal data needed, especially positive experiences including women. Confidential. Call Dr. Sarrel collect (212) 595-6196.

END COSTLY Plumbing Bills!!! Drain King attaches to hose. Clears blockages in sink, shower, tub, with powerful water pulse. Guaranteed! Only \$4.95. Send Today!! Shapro, Dept. 1D1, 17232 Minnehaha Street, Granada Hills, California 91344.

"TRICENTENNIAL T-SHIRT" - the shirt you won't be around to wear. Unofficial logo on tan or orange. State size. \$5.00 p.p. **INKLINGS**, 287 Central St., Gardner, Massachusetts 01440.

LIBERALS - avowed conservative will show how you can make money, too. Free. Harvey, P.O. Box 1114, Rolla, Missouri 65401.

PROFESSIONAL FATHER OF TEN AND FIFTEEN YEAR OLDS - progressive, caring person seeks woman in early or middle thirties to share happy family and home in beautiful Midwest university town. Particulars and recent photo to New Republic Box 7880.

CHICAGO WIDOWER - semi-retired genial physician enjoys theater, outdoors, dining out, conversation, etc. seeks unencumbered slender, healthy woman in her fifties or early sixties with somewhat similar tastes and needs. New Republic Box 7875.

WANT TO HELP BREAK THE MEDICAL MONOPOLY? Send your donation to support our anti-trust suit against five local ob-gyn's to Feminist Women's Health Center, 1017 Thomasville Road, Tallahassee, Florida 32303 (904) 224-9600.

INTELLIGENT, EDUCATED uninhibited couple, 40's seek same for parties and lasting friendship. P.O. Box 29191, New Orleans, Louisiana 70189.

ORIGINAL SPIRO AGNEW WATCHES - \$19.95. Copyrighted collector's item. Supply limited. Guaranteed 2 years. Burketime, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655

DEMOCRATS' CHRISTMAS NOSTALGIA - NRA blue eagle sweatshirt. S - M - Lg. only short sleeves 6.95 402 Riley, Austin, Texas 78746

UNCLE SAM maintains information on 127,000,000 Americans. You might be surprised at what he knows about you. Let us search the federal agencies for you. **FULL REFUND** if we can't find anything. Send \$6.50 for authorization forms and guarantee. Privacy Act, Inc., Suite 525, 4921 Seminary Rd., Alexandria, Virginia 22311

STOP AUTO THEFT with electronic auto guard protector. Details free. Hamilton House, Dept. 1B, 508 John St., Horseheads, New York 14845

SLENDER DUTCH BORN BLOND, 40 - willing to meet intelligent Caucasian American male above 38. Where are you? New Republic Box 7865

LATIN-GERMAN LADY. Seeks: marriage minded gentleman 43 - 54, without dependents. Box 485 RN, Rockville, Maryland 20850

SINGLE, TRAVELING VP - 38, tall, dark and presentable. Visits California, Texas, Florida, Minneapolis, Chicago, Boston, D.C. Seeks bright, attractive female, 25 - 35. Box 395, Hempstead, New York 11550

CAN YOU CUT HIGHWAY DEATHS? Yes, send petitions to the President, Congress and Department of Transportation for mandatory air bags in autos.

RARE WALLACE-LEMAY 2 campaign button sets. \$3 plus 25¢ postage. Extras. Steve Gibson, 3107 Nimitz, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73112

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE UNBORN—The humanity of the unborn should be recognized as the humanity of the born is recognized and with this recognition of the humanity of the unborn, so the natural right be secured. The first and foremost of these natural rights is the right to life. For the major difference between the born and unborn life is only the biological development—a process which continues throughout the lifetime of any human being. For from conception, the unborn have all the genetic material that allows the full development of a human body—all of which develops before birth. Since life is a natural, universal, and inalienable right, this should not be deprived of any human being because of their biological stage of development. Therefore, the unborn should not be deprived of this natural, universal, and inalienable right to life but should be secured this right in law; in this case and in this land, an Amendment to the Constitution, a Right to Life Amendment, for the unborn. Accordingly in social legislation the utmost should be done to assist women wed or unwed in bearing a child. According in education the utmost should be done to teach a reverence and value for unborn human life by the family and by all social institutions. National Right to Life Committee, National Press Bldg., 529 14th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20045.

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS: Bach, Susan B. Anthony, V. Woolf, Amelia Earhart, Eleanor Roosevelt, Albert Einstein, Mahler, Gertrude Stein, K. Marx, Nietzsche, Emma Goldman, Colette, Isadora Duncan, Emily Dickinson, Mao T'se Tung. \$6.00 each. 4/\$20.00. Men's sizes: Sm - Med - Lg - XLg. "T-SHIRTS," Box 55C, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144

DON'T DIE without a will! Protect your family with blank will form. Guaranteed! Send \$2 today!! Shapro, Dept. 1W1, 17232 Minnehaha, Granada Hills, California 91344

WIDOW, JEWISH, 50-Knoxville Atlanta area. Loves music, theatre, books, travel. Would like to meet gentleman, similar circumstances and interests. Will exchange photos. New Republic Box 7835.

CIDER PRESSES-available in bushel and 1/3 bushel capacity. Very efficient self-feeding grinder. All hardwood construction. Fully warranted. Free brochure. **HUNGER MOUNTAIN CRAFTS, RFD 2C, Worcester, Vermont 05682**

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN' available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. \$2.49; **VALUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**, 10300 U.S. 19 N. Dept. N, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure: **NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC.**, 103 Park Avenue, Room 414, (R), New York, New York 10017

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—\$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Bumperstickers

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" - send with (or instead of) Christmas cards; 2/\$1; 50/\$12.50. Idea House, Rye, New York 10580

BUTTONS, BUMPERSTICKERS - LOWEST PRICES! FREE CATALOG Larry Fox, 38-N Emerson Place, Valley Stream, New York 11580

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, POSTERS. Custom-made, lowest prices. Catalog: 50¢. Sullivan Advertising, 16 North Central, St. Louis, Missouri 63105

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. **REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC.** Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Meetings & Seminars

MASS MEDIA INTERN PROGRAM - The American Association for the Advancement of Science announces a program to support up to 18 advanced social and natural science students as intern reporters, researchers, and production assistants in a variety of media for the summer of 1977. Interested students should write: Coordinator, Mass Media Intern Program, AAAS, 1776 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

SKI MOUNTAINEERING WORKSHOP - March 14-20, \$175. Year-round rockclimbing, mountaineering, rafting, outdoor adventure, leadership training programs. Write for brochure. **OLTS (NR)**, 2220 Birch, Denver, Colorado 80207

IMPLICATIONS OF THEORIES OF JEAN PIAGET. January 27. Information: WPHC, USC, Los Angeles, California 90007.

INT'L INVENTORS EXPO "77" at the Americana Hotel, New York, March 2, 5 1977. Rent Booth or advertise in "expo Catalogue." Write or call for application! Technology Transfer Ltd., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. Tel. (212) 685-6798

Campaign '76

CARTER/MONDALE buttons, local item. \$1.00. Jim Hill, 1819 McComb, Charleston, Illinois 61920.

Games

TESSRACT - 4-Dimensional Tic-Tac-Toe played on a 4-D hypercube projected onto a 2-D playing board. Twenty-page manual and 20 boards, \$2.98. Dept. H, S & M Brent Co., Box 202, Milford, Michigan 48042

Literature

USED PAPERBACKS - free catalog, CD/DM BOOKS, Box 7188, Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55407

CHINA'S CONTINUING CULTURAL REVOLUTION - the latest developments of Chinese socialism in agriculture, industry, education, etc. in China Reconstructs, airmail from Peking monthly. Send \$3 for one year to: CHINA BOOKS & PERIODICALS, INC., att. NR, 125 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10003. Free catalog on request.

JFK, RFK, MLK, assassins books. Send SASE for list. RESEARCH, Box 1007N, Aptos, California 95003

WHAT'S THE IDEAL GIFT? IMPRESSIONS AND REFLECTIONS. Beautiful art and inspirational verse. Send \$3.75 today. Lord's Line, 1734-NR Armour, Redondo Beach, California 90278

COMBINED FALL-WINTER 1976-77 UNIVERSITY PRESS AND SCHOLARLY IMPRINT SALE CATALOG. SAVINGS UP TO 75%-over 400 titles, 67 publishers, limited quantities, cut-off date March 31, 1977. Write for catalog- THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF, C-5, 205 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637

READ THE GUARDIAN-Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., \$1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year \$12.50, student \$7.50)

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

Poetry

POETRY WANTED for Anthology - include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126

Literary Services

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED: Small publisher (not vanity) seeks quality nonfiction. Standard royalties offered. Send query, sample chapters, and S.A.S.E. St. ALEXIS PUBLISHERS, Box 963866, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. RZK. 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011

WRITERS - "UNSALEABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request. P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

Schools

DOCTORATES: ONE MONTH RESIDENCY. Total time including project or dissertation is usually one year. Write: Southeastern Graduate School, University Center, Box 2473, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29577.

STUDENTS - are you seeking admission to Law or Medical School? We help place students in these schools. Write Professional and Graduate Student Admission Service, Inc., 3110 S. Winn Road, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858

JANUARY INTERIM IN PARIS-tuition \$485 includes course of study, lodgings, and many extra activities Paris American Academy, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 75005

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Opportunities

POSITION OPEN - Editor, Religious Pacifist Monthly Magazine. Affirmative Action Employer. Write F.O.R., Box 271, Nyack, New York 10960. Attention: Mrs. Maynard.

60¢
per word

#3 ON THE HOUSE

400,000
readers

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
 ☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
 . . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

THE VILLAGES, INC. needs a married couple who wish to form a family with ten abandoned and neglected children, ages 6 to 18, who go to public schools and community functions. Modern house and beautiful setting, expenses, salary, benefits, and days off provided. Write: THE VILLAGES, INC., Box 1695, Topeka, Kansas 66601.

Employment Wanted

SOON TO BE COLLEGE GRADUATE seeks adventure in the outside world. Honor student with degree in art history, skills in writing, experience in administration and museum work, looks for challenging employment in communications or arts related field. No geographic preference. Pay secondary to opportunity. Ready for work January 15. Thatcher Bailey, Box 53, Station 2, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002

EXPERIENCED MAGAZINE and newspaper writer/editor wants job in New York City. New Republic Box 7800.

Business Opportunities

FREE BOOKLET FOR INVESTORS describes many unique markets, investment mediums and services available at ABT, the nation's first exchange and marketplace serving average investors at the grassroots. Send today for free copy of "ABT Markets and Investment Mediums." Write: Arthur N. Economou, President, The American Board of Trade, Inc., 286 Fifth Avenue, Dept. A-10, New York City, 10001

FREE! How To Get Rich Reading Classified Ads. Write: Businesswise, (NR-4), 15 West 38th St., New York, New York 10018

Spare Time

250/1000 STUFFING ENVELOPES-Details, 25 cents and stamped addressed envelope. VM Enterprises, 620 Maple, Holland, Michigan 49423

MAKE MONEY Guaranteed priceless information. Follow the experts. Start small, expand from profits. Enquiry free. HOUSTON'S, 14528 159 St., Rochdale Village, New York 11434

Property - Sale/Rent

RED CLOVER CREEK - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA-ADDITIONAL INFORMATION. Beautiful Sierra stream land. Dramatic mountain setting. Previously advertised private two acre parcels, primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting forest, electricity, year round paved access, National Forest surrounding, excellent swimming, fishing. Most sold New Republic respondents. Have completed similar small plan for permanent homes or retreats, combining the above partial self-sufficiency provided by adjacent irrigated pasture, meadow and commons garden area. In addition, are initiating cooperative to reduce construction costs, help plan efficient energy use. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983

Vacation/Travel

FREE WORLDWIDE TRAVEL!!! Latest Detailed Information. Proven Methods! Exciting new booklet. \$5.00. TRAVELFREE, Box 900-NR, Yuba City, California 95991

CARIBBEAN SEASIDE VILLA with cook-housekeeper, on warm, tranquil Grenada. \$250/week. Robert Martin, 4952 Sentinel Drive, Sumner, Maryland 20016. (301) 320-3408.

BIG BEND-Rio Grande rafting expedition, Texas-Mexico border. Warm weather, spectacular canyons, isolation, hot springs. Six days, December 26-31, January 3-8, \$225. OLTs, 2220 Birch, Denver, Colorado 80207

Gourmet/Cookery

SAVE ENERGY, KEEP WARM WITH SOUP. Lentil, vegetable, 3 others, \$2.00. W. L. O. Box 1055, Schenectady, New York 12301

MARCEL PROUST'S MADELEINES - recipe to take you back. \$1. Felice, 622 West 114th Street, Apt. 32, New York, New York 10025

WILD RICE FANCY \$4.20 pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum shipment. E.L., Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630

BEEF ENCHILADAS SUPREME - for recipe send \$1.00 to Stradivarius, Box 4315, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

AUTHENTIC CHILI variations, recipe \$1. Johnson, Box 272D, Mason, Ohio 45040

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 480 subjects. \$8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road, Homewood, Illinois 60430.

the Copper Puzzle

Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of
Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D.C. 20037



The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size \$35.

COLORFUL SILKSCREENED FEMINIST POSTERS - free brochure. Dana R. Bass, P.O. Box 23801, Oakland, California 94623.

FRAME PICTURES YOURSELF - Beautifully! Full, clear instructions for economical, professional-quality framing at home. \$2.95 ppd. Emmett, 125 East 93 St., New York, New York 10028

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional instruments in kit form, from \$195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501



This elegantly styled music stand is hand crafted from solid cherry hardwood, oiled and hand rubbed to a beautiful satin finish. The music desk tilts and adjusts in height from 26" to 48" so you can play comfortably sitting or standing. The legs are easily removed for carrying conveniently anywhere. \$98.00 Please make check or money order payable to Early Music Stands; if using BankAmericard or Master Charge give card no., expiration date, (Master Charge) interbank no., and your signature for authorization. Calif. residents please add 6% sales tax. Orders shipped U.P.S. prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

Early Music Stands

75 Homer Ave., P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302
Telephone (415) 328-5044

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55454.

"LIBERTY TREE." Cassette with text of acclaimed choral anthem composed to words of Thomas Paine. \$5.00. Independent Publications, Box 102, Paterson, New Jersey 07513

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage \$1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-2, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for
Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One
Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036



When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: But when I became a man, I put away childish things. — *I Corinthians*

SCM **SMITH-CORONA**
CORPORATION

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED